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TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

The Silver Question.
SEE FOURTH PAGE

FOUNDED IN 1836. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1895. VOL. LXIII. NO. 24.

Poetry.

CUCKOO.

His voice runs before me; I follow, it flies;
It is now in the meadow, and now mid the skies.
So blithesome, so lightsome, now distant, now here.
And when he calls Cuckoo, the summer is near.

He calls back the roses, red roses that went
At the first blast of winter, so sad and forspent,
With the dew in their bosoms young roses and dear.
And when he calls Cuckoo, the summer is near.

I would twine him a gold cage, but what would he do
For his world of the emerald, his bath in the blue,
And his wee feathered comrades to make him good cheer?
And when he calls Cuckoo, the summer is near.

Now, blackbird, give over your harping of gold!
Brown thrush and green linnet, your music withhold!
The flutes of the forest are silver and clear,
But when he calls Cuckoo, the summer is here.

—Katharine Tynan.

DID YOU EVER?

An advocate of dress-reform,
In dress-reform array,
Walked out, for reasons known to her—
It was a rainy day;
Her gown was neat, and short, and sweet,
And frankly showed her tidy feet;
And sister looked askance,
Exclaiming with each sidewise glance:
"Did you ever!"

The advocate of dress reform,
Without the least dismay
Went safely o'er the muddy street,
And lightly on her way;
Her sisters gasp, and clutch, and clasp
Their garments with a frantic grasp
And lift their skirts, quite unaware,
To heights no dress reform would dare!
Did you ever!

The advocate of dress reform
Goes home, quite fresh and dry,
And, full of satisfaction, puts
Her natty storm suit by.
Her sisters fret at mud and wet,
And scowl, and shake, and brush, and yet
Console themselves, in spite of dirt:
"At least we wear a modest skirt!"
Did you ever!

—Mrs. George Archibald.

Dedicated to Mrs. Bertha Morris Smith, 1893.

A LULLABY.

Softly sleep, little one,
Snug in thy nest,
Cradled so lovingly
On mother's breast;
Mother's eyes watch thee,
Mother's own arm
Folds thee so tenderly,
Safe from alarm.

Softly sleep, pretty one!
God watcheth too;
Watcheth the mother-heart,
Beating so true!
High are the hopes for thee,
Sad are its fears;
Life, though it seems to smile,
Oft bringeth tears.

Sleep on, my little one!
All will be well,
Thou art the Savior's lamb,
So thou dost dwell
Close in His heart of love;
Safe there He'll keep
Thee and thy mother, too;
Slep, baby, sleep!

—Selected.

Our Story Teller.

LOST AND FOUND.

BY RENE ISON.

"Lost:—Robert Fayson, of ——. Ruth Brierly enquires."

I read, and could not believe my eyes. I dropped the paper down upon my knees, gave one great gasp between a sigh and a cry, and stared at Ben Hadley, who sat opposite me at the open window. He took no notice of my emotion; for he was smoking placidly, and gazing in a dreamy fashion at the lovely landscape. So after a moment's pause I read again —"Robert Fayson; Ruth Brierly enquires"—and understood, and believed; and a delicious feeling made up of joy and hope crept into my heart, though to such soft impressions I had long been a stranger.

How long? My eyes followed Ben's gaze, and I felt, somehow, all at once surprised to find myself in this Australian land. The hot air oppressed me; the heavy scent of the flowers reached me; and I wondered how I had managed to live here nearly twenty years, away from England and Ruth. Twenty years ago I reached this place, a young fellow, heartbroken and poor, but full of a stubborn resolve to pull myself together and to become rich. And now the far-stretching land over which I gaze is mine; the fine house in which we sit is mine; and mine, too, many a pound in the bank in the distant town. I laugh to myself as I think of that land, that house, and these golden pounds. But twenty years ago I was twenty, to-day I am forty!

"What's the matter," asks Ben, sitting up in his chair, and regarding me with surprise. "Why do you laugh so joyously?"

"What am I like to look at, Ben?" I replied.

"To look at?" Ben opens his sunny blue eyes wide, and does look at me, indeed.

"Yes, to look at? Am I what you'd call a good-looking man, now? I used to be a well-favored lad enough; but I've given no thought to these vanities for many a year." So saying I rose up, stretched my long limbs, and, crossing over to where him, thrust the newspaper under his nose. "Read that," I said. A trembling finger indicated the place, and Ben read, once to himself, then twice aloud. Then he looked up at me, and there was a blush of pleasure on his handsome sunburnt face, as he said in a voice almost of awe:

"Robert Fayson! That is you, Rob?"

"Yes."

"Ruth Brierly! That is——!"

"The lass I loved and lost twenty years ago."

"And love still?"

"That is so."

"It's little I would begrudge to you, Fayson, my friend; but I envy you this. A sweetheart at home—an English lass—and she loves you!"

"She'll not be a lass now, boy," I answered. "And how can I think it possible she loves me? Yet to seek me this way seems to mean——"

"Of course it does!" And my wealthy young neighbor and dearest friend in this Australian land crossed to my side, saying, "Tell me all about it, Rob. It will do you good to speak, and anything connected with the homeland is, you know, as music to my ear; I have no one there. When my father and mother crossed the sea, they left no relative behind; and yet I was a Briton born, and a Briton lovely name, just suited to a country I mean to die. Ruth Brierly! 'tis a beauty."

"And to a country beauty it belonged," I rejoined. "I can see her now – the sweet face, the bonny brown hair, the great eyes, tender one moment, mocking the next. But, oh! Ben, she was cruel; and when she laughed at me, mocked my anger, and in a tone that nearly broke my heart bid me go——"

"You went! and she never meant it," Ben said.

"My lad," I replied, "there was another man. She loved him better than she loved me, and said she'd marry him."

"How is it that she seeks you, and is Ruth Brierly still?" asked Ben.

"So she is. Then she never married him, Ben!" I cried; "and I have sulked and suffered these twenty years, though you'd never have thought it. Big Rob Fayson, strong and broad, and always hard at work and cheerful carried a sore heart sometimes."

"You will answer this, Rob?"

"Yes; I'll answer it in person."

"That is as it should be," cried the lad joyfully. "I could not rest until I find out all about this matter. Does she mean come home—does she mean forgive me, and forget it all?"

"I must go at once, Ben."

Ben was fingering the Newcastle Weekly Chroncile lingeringly (I always lend my copy to him, but not for wealth untold would I have parted with it on that evening), and after a moment he spoke with a strange hesitation.

"You will, of course, take to-night to think of it; let me know if you are in the same mind to-morrow morning. If so, I will go with you, if you will take me. Long have I promised myself a visit to the old country; and I cannot tell you how, but there is something in this name—Ruth Brierly—that seems to draw me. I think," and he laughed a little shamefacedly, "I would go over thousands of miles of land and sea just to see her face and hear her voice."

"Ruth Brierly will be thirty-seven years old now," I said shortly, with a sharp recollection of that maiden's winning ways and many lovers.

"And I am twenty-seven! Don't be jealous, Rob," he added seriously and sweetly. "I love you too well to let you leave me behind. feel as if Ruth Brierly bade me cross the sea as plainly as she called on you to do it."

So we started for England. As on bright, clear days, or starry, solmen nights, we paced the deck of the great steamer, and congratulated each other on drawing near to home, I told Ben of the many miseries of my outward voyage twenty years ago, and wondered how I should have endured such a long and wearisome return journey.

We landed, and made direct for the North Country. One frosty morning in January we stood outside the inn, waiting for the coach running through the lonely moorland country to ——. Closely wrapped we were, and thickly coated; for Ben and I felt the change from soft summer weather to this cold and bleak January.

The coach came. Verily I believed it to be the same vehicle that traveled these roads when I was a lad. It was low, dark, unpainted, badly-horsed, cramped inside and crowded outside. How were we to squeeze in; it seemed impossible. "Ge: in gents, get in," advised the thin little guard, rubbing his hands together. And, as we still hesitated, he added confidentially, in a thick whisper, "I drops a few every now and then."

"Good gracious!" shouted Ben in dismay; and his shout lengthened itself as dawn the turning from the few shops behind the lighted inn two figures ran full tilt toward the coach, and the smaller, slipping upon the icy road, was precipitated almost under the horses' feet. Ben need not have feared; the good old horses stood quite still. My friend stooped and picked up the lad from his uneasy position.

"You naughty, naughty boy!" cried the maiden who had been running with him; and her voice was so sweet that Ben set the boy down rather suddenly, and turned to look at her, saying: "He is not much hurt, ma'am."

"Thanks to you, sir," she replied.

"Hurry up, there," cried the conductor; and somehow we all, girl and boy as well as Ben and I, were squeezed into the coach.

"You nearly did it that time," remarked a fat dame who held many large bundles upon her knee; "you're a naughty bad boy, and you'll get killed some of these days."

"The lad began to whimper, and the sister's sweet voice remarked feebly, "He did not mean to do it; he slipped."

"Slipped!" in a tone of utter scorn; "he's spoilt!"

A little sniff of indignation from the maiden implied that she did not mean to answer, and finding the parties in the omnibus were evidently well known to one another, I did not interfere. But Ben who sat next to the indignant young lady, turned a deeply sympathetic glance upon her, which she answered with a blush and a smile. The little flickering oil lamp hanging upon the door threw its feeble light upon her, and showed me—I sat opposite—a pleasant enough countenance, bright and glowing, with starry black eyes and soft dark hair. Then a few words were passed between her and Ben; and so we jogged along many and many a mile over those bleak white roads; but I do not think that man and maiden found the journey too long. The conductor, according to his promise, now and again dropped a bulky man or a bundle-laden woman at the outlying farms and cottages. At last he shouted out: "A——." The coach was stopped again; he seized the offending small boy, and set him out on the roadside with a decisive thump. The girl arose, said "Good-night" sweetly, and vanished into the darkness. I rubbed the steam from the window, and looked forth. A few lights gleamed out from the houses in the village.

"What place is this?" whispered Ben; "do you know it?"

"Well enough; too well," I answered; "many relatives of mine lie buried there. They bring us all from the surrounding hills and valleys to the cemetery at A——."

"But there must be something more than graves," continued Ben; "people must live her. She does evidently."

"Evidently," I said. The coach rattled on again.

Eventually we alighted at the inn, walked in, and asked for rooms. I was relieved to find the landlord a stranger to me. I did not want to meet an old friend until I had seen Ruth. A glowing fire and a good supper restored Ben to his usual cheerful mood, and long did we talk together after that meal was done. Ben always managed to turn the conversation toward the coach and the maiden who had traveled with us therein. "You've met your fate, Ben," I said drily, "before you have even seen Ruth Brierly." He only laughed, and blushed like a girl, not venturing to deny my statement.

The morning broke bright and fair. The ground was hard and dry, the sunlight clear and bright; yet a few crisp flakes of snow were blowing in the wind. I rose early, but not before Ben, for I met him on the stair. We breakfasted, and I took him out for a walk afterwards, saying: "We'll go and look about a bit." So we wandered up and down the place. I saw the old familiar haunts, and I pointed them out to Ben. We passed many a well remembered face, too. The people stared at us, but none seemed to know me. At last we turned our faces towards the little homestead lying white and lovely on the hillside. "That is her house?" asked Ben. "Yes," said I, and could say no more. I wished I had been alone; but Ben was there; and so I plucked up my courage, and walked up the garden path between the trim, high hedges. I knocked upon the green painted door. The door opened, and before me stood the maid we met last night. I was too much surprised to speak. Ben pressed forward with a little exclamation of delight, his face flushing rosy red. The maid looked first at me and then at Ben, and blushed. I turned my eyes away from them, and glanced around the entrance. The place did not seem at all changed. There was the polished floor, with red carpet up the center; the wide chairs standing stiff and straight against the walls; the tall old clock, and a branch of holly lying across it. At last I spoke:

"Does Miss Ruth Brierly live here, please?"

"I am Ruth Brierly," answered the girl.

I stood staring at her, astonished and afraid. She seemed equally surprised at my behavior; and the bright color upon the pretty face paled and faded quite away as I said sharply:

"But you are not my Ruth Brierly!"

"Yours Who are you" she exclaimed.

"Robert Fayson," I answered.

"And you have come——"

"To find Ruth Brierly, who lived here twenty years ago."

"Aunt Ruth! Oh dear, oh dear! whatever shall I do?"

She drew back from the doorway, and wrung her hands together, looking at me all the while with frightened eyes. But having come so far I did not mean to be baulked now, so advanced and said:

"Where is she Don't be afraid. See! I have come in answer to this," handing her the paper. "She put a word or two about me into the 'Weekly Chronicle'."

"She didn't," exclaimed the soft voice.

"Aye, but she did! And away in the Australian land I saw it, and I have come back to her."

"She didn't," she repeated, and she shrank still farther back into the shadow. "'I put it in!"

"You!"

"Yes; and I—I did it for fun. Oh, dear me! I never thought you would come like this."

"You did it for fun!" I said; and stepping forward I took her by the wrist.

"Don't, Robert, you frighten the young lady. Let her say what sho has to say quietly," advised Ben.

So I relaxed my hold, and tried to listen patiently. Ben Hadley's championship evidently gave her courage, for she then advanced again, lifting pleading eyes to mine.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

A BLACK AND WHITE GIRL.

A Phenomenon Discoverd in the Interior of Bohemia.

A human phenomenon has been discovered in a small hamlet in Bohemia in the shape of a little 4-year-old girl whose skin is half black and half white.

Cases have occurred among the

MARIETTA SCHOEBL.
(The Black and White Bohemian Girl Now in Berlin.)

aborigines of spotted men and women where the spots were light, not white. This child is not spotted, but about one-half of her body is black and the other half white.

Castan, the enterprising manager of the Berlin Panoptikum, has secured this freak for exhibition. Many physicians and anthropologists have visited the museum, and cannot account for this epidermic oddity.

The little girl's name is Marietta Schoebl, and she is the daughter of normal parents of German-Austrian extraction, now living in Bohemia. All her sisters and brothers, nine in all, are perfect in build and complexion. Her body is otherwise well proportioned, and intellectually she is far above the average. Her skin is hairy, but what is most surprising is that on the black parts of her body the little one appears covered with a thick, soft fur, resembling that of a leopard. She proves a great attraction to the Berlin museum visitors.

Having a Glorious Time.

He stood quite six foot four in his boots, and looked the very picture of rugged health. His friends saw him of' from the landing stage at Liverpool, .and he laughed boisterously when they hinted at mal de mer. Below is given the diary of voyage:

June 1—Left Liverpool at noon, and am having a glorious time. Have been all over the ship and have got acquainted with the captain and the mate. But I like to sit on deck best, and am going to sit there most of the time. It's grand to be away out on the ocean, out of sight of land. They've splendid things to eat at the table, and I'm having such a good time, I wouldn't care if we'd be a month reaching America. I'm awfully glad I could come. It's glorious.

June 2—Queer.

June 3—Queerer.

June 4—Awfully queer.

June 5—Still queer, and I don't know as I'll ever live to get home, and I don't care if I don't.

June 6—A lot better; ate a biscuit.

June 7—Was helped up on deck, but am feeling very queer yet.

June 8—Maybe we'll get to New York to-morrow. Wish we were there now. Am going to bed

June 9—We can see the coast. I wish to gracious I could walk home or else stay abroad forever. I've had a terrible time.—Liverpool Courier.

Fooling the Neighbors.

Mrs. Meekton was standing on the front doorstep when her husband came home.

"Henry," she said, in a loud tone, "here's your income tax blank. You'd better fill it out right away."

"Great Scott, Maria!" he exclaimed, "what do I want with an income tax blank?"

"Don't talk so loud," was the admonition, in a subdued, but stern key, "it's a summons to serve on the jury. The next door neighbors on both sides of us have been sitting behind the closed window blinds waiting for you to come home, so they could find out what the officer was here for, and I'm just giving their imaginations a treat."—Worsecter Spy.

A Far-Seeing Doctor.

A young doctor starting a practice on his own account, put forth a very moderate scale of charges with one exception. For attending a case of cancer he demanded a hundred guineas down.

"Why do you put that forward?" asked a friend. "You will frighten folks."

"Just what I want to do," replied the young doctor. "If I didn't do so they would be sure to bring me an incurable case of cancer, and I should lose my reputation."—Pearson's Weekly.

No Time to Waste.

"In the life to come," shouted the evangelist, "there will be no marrying or giving in marriage."

Those who were sitting near the Chicago woman heard a low cry of horror as she arose from her seat.

"In that event," she remarked to the usher as she left the church, "I've got no time to be monkeying here."—Detroit Tribune.

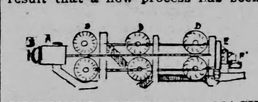
The Winged Postmen.

There are on an average 200 carrier pigeons officially kept in every German fortress.—Washington Post.

SOCKS MADE OF PAPER.

They May be Had for Three Cents a Pair.

Heretofore the expense of splitting, twisting and preparing paper yarns for commercial use has been so high that manufacturers of fabrics have found little inducement to use them in making textiles. Lately, however, a number of paper-pulp manufacturers have been at work on the problem of producing cheap pulp yarns, with the result that a new process has been for-



SECTIONAL VIEW OF MACHINE FOR FORMING PULP YARNS.

mulated. The old method of splitting, twisting, etc., has been done away with, and a much simpler and inexpensive mode has been adopted. The advent of modern
machinery has been a factor in bringing this about.

In making the yarns according to the new process, the first operation consists in the selection of the stock. Both wood and rag pulp are used. The product of the poplar gives a good fibre. The shavings are reduced to pulp in the ordinary paper-mill digesters, compounds of chloride of zinc, gelatine, castor oil and litharge are introduced, mixed well, and the stock is ready for the next operation. Where rag material is used, borax, white lead, printer's rollers composition, glue and tallow are among the ingredients. The process of dissolving the rags to pulp is conducted on the regular plan. The substances employed in conjuction with the pulps serve to impart flexibility, toughness, elasticity, and other needed characteristics to the yarns.

Several contrivances have been experimented with for reducing the pulp to a threadlike form. One consists of pressing the pulp through a perforated steel bottom, the strands being formed by passing through the holes. Another is a mode of casting, or moulding, the strands in prepared forms. One which appears to be doing fairly well is illustrated in the diagram, in which the pulp is put into the cylinder A, part of the interior of which is exposed, showing the head which is forced inward by turning the screw adjustment at B, thus squeezing the contents out of the opening at C. This opening is one-quarter of an inch in diameter, and the pulp emerges from it, passes between the heated copper cylinders, D, D, D, coming out at the necessary motion. The strand grows smaller and harder as it nears the end, whence it is wound automatically on the spool at F.

In figure II is exhibited the principle of the winding-off process, and A indicates the drawing rollers, the speed of each being increased toward the last, resulting in elongating and drawing out the strand, which is not yet thoroughly dry. The mouthpiece B is driven at a rapid rate by the band C, and serves to impart a twisty character to the strand, for the latter passes through its centre, as shown. Next the strand goes over the guide roll D, and on to the spool E, the latter being turned by the band which encircles the pulley at F.

A non-oxidizable metallic substance, which gives brilliancy to the yarns, is applied by the use of a yarn-polishing machine of the common type. Fast-color dyes are also applied at this point, if desired, so that differently colored yarns may be secured to meet various requirements. If white yarns are needed, the stock is bleached by the sulphur process.

About the only difference between the machines required for knitting the pulp yarns and those employed in knitting textiles is that the needles in the latter case are somewhat heavier. Although spotted and woolen stock is knit into cheap hose at present, the paper-knit goods are the cheaper; being

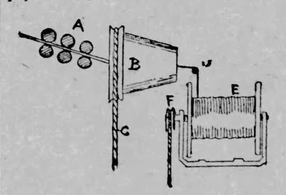


FIG II—ENLARGED VIEW OF THE WINDING OPERATION.

produced at so little expense that socks can be retailed at 3 cents a pair. It is said that the same kind of yarns can be knit into other goods with good results. The samples of socks exhibited appear soft, and evidently set well on the foot. The application of impervious substances make it possible for them to stand several washings before falling apart.—New York Tribune.

TOO KEEN TO KISS HER.

No Lack of Realism in the Acting of These Supers.

An amusing incident occurred at the Edgewood Avenue Theater last summer during the opera season there. The opera "La Mascotte" was being put on. Miss Adelaide Randall, the coy and blond prima donna, playing the title role.

At one part in the opera she is pursued by a number of men who want to kiss her. She is evading them as best she can. They are, of course, rushing after her with all the eagerness and zeal that young men usually show in such pursuits.

Miss Randall didn't like the way the scene went off. She thought the men didn't put enough activity into it.

They didn't try hard enough to kiss her.

They were mostly chorus men who had the kissing parts, and she called them together one day and told them that when men wanted to kiss a pretty girl like her they went at it with a rush.

"You men run out as if you were hunting a bill collector," she said. "You want to come out like a cyclone, and rush up to me as if you intended to kiss me or die.

"Now, I want this scene done better, and I'll give every man who kisses me fifty cents for every time he kisses me. Now, try it to-night."

The result was that one of the finest pieces of stage realism that had ever been seen on the Atlantic stage. When the kissing scene came on the men swarmed out like madmen.

They rushed at Miss Randall with the fury of a foot ball team. One big fellow, who wore glasses, headed the mob. He was first to reach her, and turning, she made several desperate dabs at his eyes with her fingers.

She struck his glasses and sent them spinning across the stage. Not a bit deterred, he rushed at her again, and gave her a sounding smack. The story goes that he kissed her for four dollars' worth in about thirty-two seconds.

Furious with the result of the scene, she rushed into the wings. A bucket of water was sitting close at hand, and, gathering it up, she poured the entire contents upon the luckless chorus men, streams of it flooding the stage.

"There," she said, "take that for your impudence!"

The audience applauded wildly what they thought was the finest bit of acting seen during the entire season. —Atlanta Constitution.

A Hereditary Talent.

Bellefield—Young Halfback gets his athletic tastes very legitimately. He comes of a very athletic family.

Bloomfield—Is that so?

Bellefield—Yes; his father once held up a train. He had an aunt who did some shoplifting, and an uncle who was quite noted for jumping board bills.

A Case of Necessity.

Tutter—Did you know that Miss Grosbrain was engaged to an amateur photographer?

Von Blumer—No. Is it a case of love?

Tutter—Not at all. She promised to marry him if he would stop taking her picture.—Brooklyn Life.

THE SCHOOL TEACHER'S STORY

OF THE

PHANTOM SCHOLAR.

By MARY E. WILKINS.

Once Mrs. Simonds said, if she was in my place she'd make her plans not to stay after school. She didn't seem any more fidgety herself than a wooden post, but I guess she'd heard so much from the neighbors she thought she ought to say something.

I said I hadn't any occasion to stay after school and I hadn't. I didn't really have any occasion the night I did stay, but I felt kind of down at the heel and I didn't want any supper, and I just sat there on the platform behind my desk after the scholars marched out of the room.

I don't know how long I sat there—quite a while, I suppose, for it began to grow dusky. The frogs peeped as if they were in the room and there was a damp wind blowing, and I could smell wintergreen and swamp pinks. It was all I could do to keep the leaves in school time. They were real thick all around the schoolhouse.

All of a sudden, as I sat there, I had a queer feeling as if there was somebody in the room, and I looked up. I saw, down in the middle of the room, a little white arm raised in the dusk. It was the way the children did when they wanted to ask something, and I thought for a second that one had stayed or come back unbeknown to me, and was raising an arm. Of course that was queer, but it was the only reason I could think of, and it flashed through my head.

"What is it?" says I, and then I heard a little girl's voice pipe up, "Please, teacher, find my doll for me and hear my next lesson in the primer."

"What?" says I, for it didn't seem to me I could have heard right. And then the voice said it over again, and the little white arm crooked out of the gloom.

I got up and went down the aisle between the desks, and when I came close enough I saw a little girl in a queer, straight white dress, almost like a night gown, sitting there. Her little face was so white in the gloom it made me creep, and her features looked set; even her mouth didn't move and the words just seemed to flow when she spoke. It was open a little and the words just seemed to flow out between her lips.

"Please, teacher, find my doll for me and hear my next lesson in the primer," says she over again, dreadful pitiful.

I put my hand on her shoulder, and down it jumped and took it away, for I never felt anything as cold as her little shoulder was. It seemed as if the cold struck to my heart from it, and I had to catch my breath.

"What is your name?" says I as soon as I could.

"Mary Williams, aged six years, three months and five days," says she.

Then my blood ran cold, but I tried to reason it out to myself again that she was some child I hadn't seen that had run in there, and maybe she wasn't quite right in her mind.

"Well," says I, "you had better run home now. If you want to come to school you can come at 9 o'clock tomorrow morning, if your mother is willing. Then I will hear your lesson and maybe you will find your doll, but you mustn't bring it to school. I can't have any dolls brought to school."

With that she rose up and dropped a queer little curtsey that made a puff of icy cold wind in my face, and was out of the room very fast, as if she slid or floated, without taking any steps at all.

I put on my bonnet and locked up the school house and went home then. Looking back I can't say as I felt scared or nervous at all. I knew I didn't walk a mile faster when I went past the old graveyard. There was an old graveyard near the school house and the children used to play there at recess.

When I got home Mrs. Simonds asked why I hadn't been home and if I didn't want any supper, but she didn't act surprised or curious. She never seemed surprised or curious at any thing.

I went upstairs to my chamber, and sat down and thought it over. It seemed to me there must be some above-board reason for it. As I thought it over, I remembered that there had been a strange, faint, choking smell about the child, and then I put my own dress skirt up to my face and I smelled it then. I hung my dress out of the window to air when I took it off.

The next morning when the scholars filed in to school, I tried to think that strange little girl might be among them, but she wasn't, and she didn't come in the afternoon.

That night I stayed after school again. I had made up my mind I would. I waited, and after a while that little white arm showed out of the dusk, but I had not seen the child come into the room.

I asked her again what she wanted, and she piped up just as she did before: "Please, teacher, find my doll for me and hear me say the next lesson in the primer."

I got up and went to her just as I had before, and there she was just as I had before and the faint smell came in my face.

"Where did you lose your doll?" says I.

But she wouldn't say.

"Please, teacher, find my doll for me and hear me say my next lesson in the primer," says she with a kind of a wail. I never heard anything so pitiful as it was. It seemed to me, somehow, as if all the wants I had ever had myself sounded in that child's voice, and as if I was begging for something I had lost myself.

But I spoke decided. It was always my way with children. I found it worked better. "Now, you run right home," says I, "and you come to-morrow and I'll give you your doll and hear your lesson in the primer."

And then she rose up and curtsied, just as she had before, and was gone.

I did not try to follow her.

That evening I went around to old Dr. Emmons and asked Mrs. Emmons if I could see the doctor a few minutes.

I guess she suspected what had happened, for she looked at me real sharp and said she hoped I wasn't getting nervous and overwrought with school teaching. I said I wasn't. I just wanted to see the doctor about a new scholar and she left me in the sitting room and called him in.

I asked him point-blank if anything had ever happened there in Marshbrook, and he wouldn't tell me at first.

"I suppose you want to give the school up. I thought you were old enough to behave yourself," says he. He was pretty short sometimes, but he meant well.

"I've done the best I could by the school," says I.

"Why couldn't you come home when school was done, as you was told to, instead of staying there in that lonesome place and getting hystericky?" says he. "I don't know as I can get another teacher this term. The school house will have to be shut up. It's a pity all the female school teachers in creation couldn't be ducked a few times and get the fidgets out of them. I'll get a man for the place next time. I've had enough of women."

"I don't want to give up the school," says I.

"What are you talking about then?" says he.

"I want to know if anything has ever happened here in Marshbrook," says I. "I don't want to give up the school if anything has happened."

He finally told me how a little girl had been murdered, some fifty or sixty years ago, on her way to school, on the brook road. They found her lying dead beside a clump of swamp pinks, with a great bruise on the back of her neck, as if she'd been hit by a stone, and her doll and her primer were laying in the road, where she'd dropped them when she run from whoever killed her. They never found him.

"Was her name Mary Williams?" says I.

"How did you know it?" says the doctor.

"She told me," says I.

The old doctor turned as white as a sheet.

"'You ain't hystericky," says he.

When he found out that I wasn't scared, and didn't want to give up the school, he wanted to know what I'd seen, and asked a good many questions. I told him as short as I could and then I went home.

The next morning before school I got some linen rags from Mrs. Simonds, and a piece of bright blue thibet, and I made a real pretty rag baby. I'd never made one before, but I couldn't see why I didn't make it as well as anybody. I raveled out a little of the old black stocking I had for its hair, and I colored its cheeks and mouth with cranberry juice, and made its eyes with blue ink. I found, too, an old primer that Mrs. Simonds said her mother had studied, for I thought that might have been like the one the child was carrying when she was killed.

That night I stayed after school again, and waited until I saw the little white arm raised out of the dusk. She did not wait for me to speak that time. She piped up quick, "Please, teacher, find my doll for me and hear me say my lesson in the primer."

"Put your arm down and be quiet," says I, "and I will hear your lesson. I put the rag doll in my pocket, and took the old primer I had found, and went to her.

"Find the place and go on with your lesson," says I, and I gave her the book. She turned over the leaves as if she were quite accustomed to it, and I saw at once that I had the right book. It was a queer little primer, that had been written by an old minister in Marshbrook, and used in the schools there for some time. She found the place soon, and began to read, piping up quite loud. You could have heard her out of doors; the windows were open. The piece was called "The Character of a Good Child." She read it very well. I only had her spell out a few of the words.

"You have got your lesson very well," says I. Then I took the doll out of my pocket and gave it to her. She fairly snatched it with her little white gleaming hands, and they touched mine, and I felt the cold strike to my heart again.

She hugged the doll tight and kissed it with her stiff, parted lips. Then she held it off and looked at it.

"Please, teacher, find my doll for me," says she with a great wail, and I saw she knew it wasn't her own old doll.

"Hush," says I, "I can't find a doll that has been lost fifty years. This doll is just exactly as good. Now, you'd better take it and run home."

But she just gave that pitiful cry again—"please, teacher, find my doll for me."

"You are not behaving pretty at all," says I. "That doll is just as good." Then I don't know what possessed me to say it, but I says, "she hasn't got any mother, either."

She just hugged the doll tight and kissed it again then, and didn't say another word against it.

"Now, you'd better run home," says I.

She rose up and curtsied, and I was all ready to spring. I followed her. I didn't know as I could keep her in sight, but I did, and she went into the old graveyard. I saw a gleam of white in there a minute, and then it was gone.

That evening I went to Dr. Emmons and told him what had happened. "Now," says I, "I want to know where that child was buried."

"She was buried in the old Williams tomb," said he.

Then I asked him to take a lantern, and go to the graveyard with me, and look in that tomb. I didn't know as I could make him for quite a while. He said the Williams family had all died out and gone away. There wasn't one of them left in town. He didn't exactly know who had the key of the tomb, and he kept looking at me real sharp. I suppose he was afraid I was getting hystericky. I guess he got pretty sure at last that I wasn't, for I taught that Marshbrook No. 1 school seven years after that, though any young thing could have done it, and stayed after school every night in the spring terms, for that little girl never came to scare anybody again. He kept looking at me that night, and then he felt my pulse and counted it by his watch.

"You don't want to give the school up," says he.

"No, I don't," says I.

He went on after a while and presently he came back with a lighted lantern and a key. I don't know where he got it. Then he went down the road to the graveyard. It was a dark night and it was misting a little. He went along in front with the lantern and I followed on behind. He didn't speak a word the whole way. I guess he felt kind of grouty at having to come out. I don't care if he was. I was bound to find out.

When he came to the old graveyard he opened the gate and we went in. His lantern lit up all the old headstones, and trees, and scraggy bushes, as we went across to the Williams's tomb. It wasn't very far from the gate. A lot of little bushes were growing out of the humped-up roof and I read Williams in the stone work over the iron door. The doctor fitted the key in the lock while I held the lantern. I felt the way I used to when I was a child, when I waked up in the dark in the night, but I held the lantern as if my hand had been an iron hook.

It was hard to turn the key in the rusty padlock, and the doctor worked quite a long time, but finally it snapped back and he pulled off the padlock and slipped the hasp. But even then he could not open the door until he had cleared away some stones and turned up some little plants that had grown over the threshold by the roots.

After he had done that, he opened the door, and a puff of that strange odor which I had noticed about the child, came into my face. He took the lantern and stepped down into the tomb, and I after him. All of a sudden he stopped short, and caught hold of my arm. There on the floor of the tomb, in the lantern light, right before us, lay the doll, and the primer.

What He Gloated Over.

"If you have so intense a disdain for college men," asked the old friend, "why is it that you have so many of them employed in your business?"

"I don't mind telling you," confessed old man Gotrox, with a malicious chuckle, "I keep 'em here to gloat over. I like to see the darn dudes working their fingers off for to make their bread and butter."—Indianapolis Journal.

How to Destroy Snails.

Snails can be destroyed in cellars by sprinkling coarse salt freely on the places where they appear.—Good Housekeeping.

THE CHAPERON MUST GO.

AND THE BIKE HAS BROUGHT ABOUT THE EMANCIPATION.

Fat, Fussy and Forty Can't Wheel, Don't You Know.

As the bicycling craze has developed into a positive fad among the devotees of fashionable society, a gravely momentous question has arisen in the breasts of solicitous mammas — a question which no law or combination of laws of ethics or science seems able to solve; a question which shapes itself, though all the dominion of fashionable motherdom, into

SHE HAS MADE UP HER MIND.

the horror-stricken words, "What about the chaperon?" And one fancies hearing a saucy laugh come back with the reply of American's fair young womanhood. "This is the beginning of the end and the end is the nonentity of the chaperon."

In the bicycle, then, to be the means of ultimate emancipation from the chaperon's watchful eye? What elderly female, with a leaning toward bones of obesity and a quantity of eighteenth century ideas, instilled by religious severity in her early childhood, would don a pair of bloomers—clumsy, fluffy and all-enveloping, yet undeniably bloomers—and in this hideous costume, over which even fresh young beauty sighs, take a turn up the road en one of these shining, treacherous steeds? And when the wheel breaks down and needs doctoring, as it invariably does somewhere along the road, how could even an elderly female, to the manner born, retain her dignified, awe-inspiring presence, standing beside a lamp post in bloomers and leggins, awaiting the termination of the repairing operations. While the angles which nature has been unkind enough to sharpen, protrude with vexing distinctness against a background of bright green sward.

Never! Such a course would be out of the question, for with the flight of a chaperon's dignity would go her utility also. Hence, the utter incapacity of a be-bloomered elderly female.

And shall our fair young women, because of this ethical difficulty which has developed, abandon a sport which is healthful and invigorating, and which medical men agree is the most desirable of outdoor exercises? Certainly not! Miss Murray Hill has made up her mind to adopt the bicycling fad, with its bloomer accompaniment, and Miss Murray Hill laughs softly to herself as she

"HOW COULD MADAME DIGNITY RETAIN HER AWE-INSPIRING PRESENCE

realizes it is the shrewdest bit of diplomacy in which she has ever indulged.

There is no need to fear of the permanency of the cycling craze. It is destined to grow and to strengthen day by day, for never before has Miss Murray Hill enjoyed the prospect of so much freedom and lack of restraint. There will be long, never to be forgotten rides in the bright May sunshine beside him who has heretofore received only the shyest kind of glances, because of the eagle eye that was upon them with watchful, tender solicitude. The ball room gown or dinner dress will be replaced by a suit of natty bloomers and topcoat, the drawing room of frigid dignity will be melted into a rollicking laugh born of the very gladness of unconventionality, and the part of young Hopewell will fairly burst with prayers of thanksgiving to the manufacturers and inventors of bicycles.

For a lack of chaperons means ill suppression of the buoyant spirits that a brisk morning ride will stir in Miss Murray Hill's breast. It means drifting off into shady byways and unexplored nooks, where none but a daring bicyclist would ever venture. And last, but not least, it means a merry little stop at the Claremont for refreshments

WILL BE WORKED BY A GAS ENGINE.

and a confidential chat before the return ride homeward.

Indeed, Miss Murray Hill is quick to realize the necessity of a fresh air tonic for the relief of "that tired feeling" prevalent in the spring, and her whole corps of admirers suddenly awaken to their own peculiar requirements in this direction.

The dear "young boys" are useful in this, as in most other things. They are always so willing to dance, to ride, to drive, to blow in their incomes on bouquets and bon bons, and now, with their usual faithful perseverance, they have taken to the study of classical anatomy and cycling.

And, oh, what a revolution will take place at the various summer resorts! The united societies of seaside scandal mongers will die a natural death of ennui, for the young people will, with greatest propriety, be enabled to go off in twos or threes or groups, and who will be sufficiently brave to offer their services as a protector?

True, there is a rumor afloat that some enterprising old fogy has invented an automatic machine for the special benefit of the old and infirm, which will be worked by a gas engine. This will relieve the rider from the exertion of moving the pedals, the only requirement being the touching of a match to the burner before starting. Verily the present age is a progressive one.

The new invention, however, scarcely constitutes a good ground for fear. If an ordinary safety holds terrors for an elderly dame, with what degree of horror would she not look upon it, were it propelled by the aid of combustibles. If our up-to-date inventor wishes to preserve the time honored custom of chaperonage for the bicycle girl, he will have to guess again, for there dwells in the minds of the elderly females of to-day too vivid a recollection of Bret Harte's Addie De Laine, who, as a result of similar use of chemicals, was found to be

Gone like the bubble that bursts in the sun;
Gone like the grain when the reaper is done.
Gone like the dew on the fresh morning grass;
Gone without parting farewell, and alas!
Gone with a flavor of hydrogen gas.

If the scientist expects to outwit the bicycle girl, he will have to do considerably more thinking than he has done in the past, says an observant writer in the New York Press.

MAKING A NEW GERMANY.

The Work of Colonization Going on Rapidly in Various Quarters.

Although barely ten years have elapsed since Germany set about the national work of colony building, her progress in this direction has been altogether phenomenal, says the New York Tribune. The Teuton flag floats over territory surpassing five times in

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest, and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

Silver is a Legal Tender.

Subscriber, New Site, Miss., writes: "In order to settle a controversy between people in this section of the country, please answer through your paper the following: Suppose A. lends B. $500, can B. compel A. to take the whole sum back in silver dollars? Or, in other words, are silver dollars legal tender for any amount over $500?"

We have answered this query in the Question Bureau a dozen times within the past four months. Silver dollars are a full legal tender. B. can compel A. to take silver dollars for the whole $500. The following is the law on the subject, from Revised Statutes of the U. S., section 3586, passed February 28, 1878:

"There shall be coined, at the several mints of the United States, silver dollars of the weight of 412½ grains Troy of standard silver, as provided in the act of January 18, 1837, on which shall be the devices and superscriptions provided by said act; which coins, together with all silver dollars heretofore coined by the United States, of like weight and fineness, shall be a legal tender at their nominal value, for all debts and dues, public and private, except when otherwise stipulated in the contract."

That section is still in force, and has never been altered or repealed.

C. F. C., Fredonia, Ariz., writes as follows on this subject:

"In the Question Bureau of Weekly Blade of May 9, in answer to a question from W. A. S., of Raymore, Mo., in reference to the legal tender qualities of silver, you say the standard silver dollar is a legal tender for 'every purpose, in any amount, exactly as is gold.' Now if that be true, why does it take so much gold out of the country to pay interest on the bonds of the government? Is it not true that the bonds and interest are payable in gold? If not, why are they not paid in standard silver dollars?

"I do not understand that the law gives a creditor the privilege of demanding that a debt must be paid in anything but legal tender, unless the contract so stipulates; and if the bonds call for their payment in gold, then silver is not a full legal tender as is gold. If the payment can be made in standard silver dollars, then the government officials are fools for permitting editors, other citizens or foreigners, to demand gold and worry themselves (the officials) to death to get it for them. Why not make them take silver? It looks to me like telling a farmer that he can make wheat a legal tender for all his debts, and then passing a law forbidding him to raise wheat.

"The simple fact that there is a prohibition against the coinage of silver shows that it is not a full legal tender, and on the same basis as gold. Why is not silver paid out to redeem silver certificates, if it is a full legal tender? I understand the holder of certificates has his option in what he will take as payment, silver or gold. As gold is more convenient, as it weighs less—that is $100 in gold weighs less than $100 in silver—anyone would prefer the gold; but if the law gives the holder the choice, knowing what his preference will be (through a matter of convenience only), then silver is not full legal tender, as I understand it. If silver is not legal tender is tendered in payment of a debt, the creditor must take it or do without."

C. F. C. has not been a careful reader of this column, or he would not make the error of saying silver certificates are redeemed in gold. They are not. They are mere certificates of deposit, stating on their face that the silver dollars to redeem them are held in the Treasury. If you had stored 1,000 bushels corn in an elevator, and taken a certificate, you would hardly expect to go and demand 1,000 bushels of wheat for the certificate, would you?

Apparently you misconceive the purpose of the gold reserve in the Treasury. It is for the redemption of greenbacks. Any holder of greenbacks can go to the Treasury and demand gold for them, and get it. The same thing is true of Treasury notes of 1890—the "Sherman notes." They state on their face that they are payable in "coin," but the policy of the government, fixed by law, to keep the gold dollar and the silver dollar at a parity, is the reason the Treasury always redeems them in gold, if it is demanded.

Now, there is a good business reason for that course—an imperative reason—and it is a wonder that there are so many who fail to realize its supreme importance. If a silver dollar had as much silver bullion in it as would sell for a gold dollar, then there would be no preference for gold—except to meet payments abroad, of course. For you are aware that the countries with which we do most of our commerce do not use silver except for minor coins, and hence can not use silver dollars. Naturally they will not take them, nor would they even if each of them had a gold dollar's worth of silver bullion in it. No more would a San Francisco merchant take his pay for goods sold in Shanghai in Chinese cash, which are made of brass. He would have trouble in disposing of the brass. So the European merchant would have trouble in disposing of his silver dollars, for they could be sold only as bullion. He has no such trouble with gold; hence he prefers gold. The same thing is true of bonds and railway stocks held abroad. The holders want gold, which they can use as money, not silver, which they have to sell as a commodity.

Now, to go back to the legal tender question. Silver dollars are a full legal tender, as far as any law can make them. The objections you make simply show that a law can not give a value which the article does not inherently possess. Chile has just recognized this fact, being tired of a fluctuating silver currency, whose purchasing power depends entirely on the market price of the silver bullion. She has adopted the gold standard, and has made her silver legal tender; but she has made it worth its face in gold, by coining it at the ratio of 33 1-3 to 1. She has learned, by dear experience, that 16 to 1 means the silver standard, and a fluctuating currency.

Kindred by Blood.

J. W., Kingsley, Iowa, asks: "Please explain relationship in its different and varied forms. Give us as full a discription as space will permit."

The following simple diagram will illustrate fully the kinship by blood of different generations:

	Male.	Female.
First generation	A	B
Second generation	C	D
Third generation	E	F
Fourth generation	G	H
Fifth generation	I	K

The letters in the first column represent males, and those in the second females, simply for convenience.

A and B are brother and sister. A is the father of C, the grandfather of E, the great-grandfather of G, the great-great-grandfather of I, and so on down the successive generations.

B is the mother of D, the grandmother of F, the great-grandmother of H, the great-great-grandmother of K, and so on.

C and D are first cousins, E and F are second cousins, G and H are third cousins, I and K are fourth cousins, and so on.

C is the nephew of B, and D is the niece of A; C and F are first cousins once removed; so are D and E. C and H are first cousins twice removed; so are D and E, and so on.

E and H, and F and G are second cousins once removed, and so on.

A is C's uncle, and F's great-uncle. B is C's aunt, and E's great-aunt.

These embrace, we believe, all the degrees of kindred which are of any practical use.

Savonarola.

A. B., Cambria, Iowa: Girolamo (Jerome) Savonarola was a celebrated preacher and reformer of Florence, Italy. He was born at Ferrara in 1452. In 1471 he joined the Dominican monks, and he made his first appearance as a preacher in 1482. He afterward was sent to Brescia, but returned to Florence in 1489. His preaching was on the sinfulness and apostasy of the time, and he denounced the vices and crimes of his age insatiably. So severe were his strictures that he became an object of suspicion to the Medici, the governing family in Florence. When the French were driven out of Florence and a republic was established, Savonarola became its guiding spirit. His violent denunciations, which did not spare the pope himself, and other extreme acts of his, including the claim that he had the gift of prophecy, led to his being called to Rome on a charge of heresy. He refused to go, and was forbidden to preach; afterward he was excommunicated. In 1498 the opposing party came into power in Florence, tried him on the charge of misleading the people by false prophecies and found him guilty. He was executed, and his body burned.

Politics of Ministers.

W. S. M., Davidson, Ore.: During the dark days of the war, when political feeling was intense, the ministers stirred up it, of course. In Southern Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, where the reasonable secret order of Knights of the Golden Circle flourished, ministers who sympathized with the South got into trouble with the Union sympathizers of their congregation, and ministers heartily in favor of the Union were denounced by those of their congregations who sympathized with the South. Probably this was more marked in the Methodist church than in any other, because it is the leading denomination in those sections. That state of things passed away after the war, of course, and exists no longer.

Silver Coinage.

W. P. S., Spencerville, Cal., writes: "In the Question Bureau of Weekly Blade of April 18, I find a request from D. Y., H., in which he speaks of silver being demonetized in 1873. If I understand aright, silver was remonetized in that year. Please give us the correct information, and tell us in what statute it may be found."

The coinage act of February 12, 1873, simply dropped the silver dollar from the list of coins to be coined at the mint. See U. S. Revised Statutes, sections 3513 and 3586. This was changed by the Bland law—the act of February 28, 1878—which authorized the coinage of the silver dollar and makes it legal tender in any sum. U. S. Revised Statutes, section 3586. The dropping of the silver dollar is what is called, though incorrectly, the "demonetization" of the silver dollar.

Belligerent Rights.

C. E. P., Archer, Fla., asks: "I have seen a statement that the Cubans will probably ask Congress, when it meets, to recognize them as belligerents. If they should, and the request were granted, what would it imply? What would our government do, and not offend Spain?"

The general rights of a belligerent are to make captures by its navy, to grant commissions to private persons for the same object, and to establish tribunals of prize to examine into such captures. A belligerent has the right in time of war to visit and search all vessels on the high ocean in search of arms and munitions of war intended for the enemy. Until the revolutionary party in Cuba is recognized as having belligerent rights, such searches would be piracy, and be punished as such.

Tape Worm.

L. W., Neb.: The following are the symptoms of tape worm:

The presence of tape worm when recognized induces serious inquietude of mind, but not necessarily any disturbance of bodily function. The principal symptoms are: Enormous appetite notwithstanding an inordinate appetite; a feeling of lassitude; colicky pains felt through the abdomen; palpitation of the heart; faintness; salivation; disordered digestion; pruritus of the anus and nose; disorders of the special senses, notably feebleness, etc. There are many other symptoms, but these are the most marked in a well defined case. The most pronounced symptom is the colicky pain.

Pilate's Wife.

G. B. R., Muldrow, Kan., inquires for the name of Pontius Pilate's wife. Who can tell?

Miscellaneous.

P. C., Hammond, Kan.: We are unable to ascertain.

G. H., Livingston, Ky.: We have not the data to answer your question.

"L. E.," Majors, Neb.: Apply to the superintendent in charge of the park.

E. L. C., Hillsdale, Mich.: We have not the data to answer your question definitely.

G. P., Eversonville, Mo.: There are government land offices at Booneville, Ironton and Springfield, Mo.

H. H., Piney Flats, Tenn.: No, Governor McKinley's ancestors never lived in Tennessee. The name is a rather common Scotch one.

J. D. S., Anna, Tex.: The first watch movement factory in the United States was at Waltham, Mass., back in the '50's. We do not know the exact year.

B. P. R., Kokomo, Ind., asks for a formula for making "a paste that will hold advertising bills against water-soaking and coming off when placed on fences and out doors generally." We know of no such formula. Who can send us one for publication?

D. M. S., Solo, Ore.: The only advantage an Union soldier has in taking up a homestead is in the time of residence required. He is entitled to deduct the period he served in the army, but not more than three years, from the five years required. He must pay all fees, etc., the same as anybody else. As to your other question, better address a letter of inquiry to the Register of the U. S. Land office, either at La Grande, Lakeview, Oregon City, Burns, Roseburg or The Dalles, your state.

SHOULD WORK BOTH WAYS.

Suppose Country Merchants Treated Drummers as City Men Do.

"Talking of peddling," said a traveling man, "it is astonishing with what a degree of intolerance the average city man regards the solicitor or agent.

"I have happened to be out of a job this winter and undertook to obtain some advertising for a well known financial journal.

"One of the first firms I visited was a large dry goods house in the wholesale district. As luck would have it, I struck the proprietor himself, who was sitting at his desk with his hands folded in front of him taking a breathing spell.

"I explained to him my business when he exclaimed:

"'Your fellows make me tired. You come around here and just worry the life out of us.'

"'Can you give me five minutes?' I asked.

"'If I gave you five minutes I'd have to give 'em all five minutes, and I'd not have a moment to myself. Besides, it isn't business to come around bothering us.'

"'Stop a moment,' I said. How many traveling men have you in your employ, sir?'

"The old fellow swelled up quite a bit and answered, with an air of conscious pride:

"'Oh, about fifty, I guess.'

"'Now, I don't want to be impertinent,' I said, 'but what would you do if all the people they visited were to treat them as you are treating me?'

"This seemed to strike him," quotes the Chicago Dispatch. "He pondered on the problem for a moment, and said:

"'Take a seat, young man. What do you want?'

"'Merely a chance to explain my business.'

"Before I left the office he had signed an advertising contract for $500."

An Explanation.

The other day the boy found the Sandwich Islands on the map, and he startled his father by asking:

"Pa, why did they call 'em Sandwich Islands?"

Pa scratched his head and sparred for time by asking, "Don't you know that, after four years at school?"

"No, sir, I don't."

"Well, my son," said the sire, "it is because those islands are sandwiched in between the waters of the Pacific Ocean, see?" And the parent looked as wise as a tree full of owls, and the boy—he hopes to some day be a smart man like his father.—Montana Columbian.

Weded Bliss.

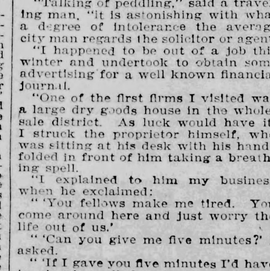
Friend—And you are very happy?

Bride—Very. Almost every day I hear of some other girl who would have jumped at the chance to marry my husband.—Detroit Tribune.

Not a Friend.

Frau A.—Is that gentleman over yonder a friend of yours?

Frau B.—No; he's my husband.—Zeitungs-Lesebuch.



It is a constant round of care and toil from which there is no escape. How essential, then, are health and strength, and yet with how many women these are altogether lacking. They are tired all day and unable to sleep at night. In this condition the system will soon break down.

Restore the Strength,

overcome that tired feeling, build up the system by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla before it is too late. This great medicine is exactly what overworked women need. It makes pure, rich blood, creates an appetite, gives strength to the nerves.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye today.

Hood's Pills are tasteless, mild, effective. All druggists. 25c.

RECENT LITERATURE.

Latest Volumes to be Found on The Blade Book Table.

The Female Offender, by Prof. Caesar Lombroso and William Pierrero, is published by D. Appleton & Co., New York City. This is one of the Criminology Series edited by W. Douglas Morrison, which is being published in the interest of society. The study of criminal tendencies is occupying students of social science everywhere, its purpose being to ascertain the causes of crime and then institute measures to prevent it. The present volume considers the condition of women offenders and the treatment accorded to them.

The Arena company, of Boston, has just published The Coming Revolution, by Henry L. Call, a masterly presentation of the newer economic and political thought. The book is a comprehensive survey of the existing social condition as a whole—a "bird's eye view" of the entire field, so to speak.

The Master is a novel by I. Zangwill, the author of Children of the Ghetto, etc., which is published by Harper & Brothers, New York City. This story of the career of the hero, Matthew Strang, is most admirably told, and though it runs through many more pages than the novel reader of to-day likes to read, this will be likely to hold him from the first one to the last.

"Magnetism," by George W. Holley, an important new scientific work, published by the Arena company, deals with the various theories of energy, and offers suggestions for a new cosmography and a new celestial geography. The author gives a most elaborate consideration of the subject of magnetism, which has not been fully investigated, except in its most striking manifestations in connection with electricity, electro-magnetism, and in animal magnetism.

The Story of a Canon, by Beveride Hill, is a vivid story of mining life in California, touched with romance. The story may be looked upon as a literary agate, in which the varied threads of mining life are clustered and outlined like the mossy threads in the preserving stone. The Arena Publishing company, Boston, Mass.

"Almost a Man," by Mary Wood Allen, M. D., author of "Teaching Truth," "Child Confidence Rewarded," "Man Wonderful in the House Beautiful," is a beautifully written and practical little story of high importance to growing boys, embodying as it does much wisdom in the way in which one boy's experience is related. Published by Mary Wood Allen, M. D., Ann Arbor, Mich.

After the Sex Struck, or Lugassent's Discovery, by George N. Miller, is brought out by the Arena Publishing company, of Boston, in the Copley Square Series. It is designed as a sort of sequel to the Strike of a Sex, and it contains hints and suggestions put in a readable way, which are prolific in thought.

In the "Story of Christine Rochefort," the author uses as a background for her story the modern town of Blois, leaving the old atmosphere of that quaint, ancient place to penetrate unconsciously her tale, like the scent of a dead rose." It is a well told story of the domestic as well as social life of a French family. The various characters are well delineated, the love story prettily done, and the manners and customs of modern Blois excellently portrayed. The volume which is most artistically bound in gray and silver, is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Another of Mrs. Forrester's pretty romances has recently been received. It is entitled "Dearest," and is, as all this author's novels are, a story of society of English life. The book is published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., Sixth avenue, New York.

The last addition to the series of Little Journeys to the Homes of Good Men and Great, is descriptive of William E. Gladstone. This is very interesting, and picturesquely written. George Putnam's Sons, West Twenty-third street, New York.

"The Silence of the Maharajah," by Marie Corelli, is another of the little tales which the Merriman Publishing company, of Fifth avenue, New York, have added to their recent and exceptionally dainty and pretty violet series. This story is a pathetic and tragic little tale of the hopeless love of an Indian Prince for a beautiful and unfortunately married English woman, written in Miss Corelli's charming manner.

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Five Thousand Best Books is a booklet issued by the Ladies' Home Journal company, of Philadelphia, to serve as a guide to the best books in any department of reading, and its work is very well done. The best literary experts of New York, Boston and Philadelphia were engaged to select the five thousand books which it presents as the most desirable for a home library, and their work has been admirably carried out. Very clear explanatory comments are given and besides there are more than 160 portraits of leading authors.

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An Immense Lamp.

A Belgian inventor has devised an immense lamp, such as has probably never been seen before. It is composed of 3,000 pieces, six feet high and measures 7.10 feet in diameter. It is fed with lard oil, and the consumption is said to be very small.—Detroit Tribune.

WILL BE THE QUEEN CITY OF BRIDGES.

FINAL PLANS FOR A 8,200 FOOT SPAN OVER THE HUDSON.

Will be Double the Length of the Brooklyn Bridge.

In addition to its claim to the title of being the Empire City of the Western World, New York will soon be in a position to assert that it is the Queen City of Bridges of the universe.

No bridge in the world compares in magnitude with the Brooklyn Bridge, but this great structure, magnificent and costly as it is, will look like a toy when compared with the two bridges that are soon to span the Hudson and East rivers respectively. Work on one, the new East river bridge, is already well under way, and its engineer, Charles M. Jacobs, feels certain that it will be completed and ready for business two years from now, or the summer of 1897.

On June 7 the final plans for the six-track passenger and vehicle North River bridge will be filed with the Secretary of War. Engineers and draughtsmen have been working assiduously on these plans since March 21 last, when the War department decided that the company could not obstruct navigation on the Hudson river by building a mid-stream pier necessary for the cantilever bridge, which had been decided upon. Secretary Lamont decided that the bridge would have to be of the suspension kind, necessitating a span of heretofore untried dimensions, and this demanded a complete change of the plans of the North River Bridge company, which controls the concession for the building of the bridge.

The pier on the New York side of the river will be between Fifty-ninth and Sixtieth streets, and on the Jersey side just above the heights of Weehawken. The river span will be 3,200 feet—just about double the length of the span of the Brooklyn bridge, which is 1,595 1-2 feet. There were many critics twenty years ago who asserted that a 1,500-foot span was unsafe and impracticable. The project of building a 3,200-foot span at a height sufficiently above the yellow green ferry boats to pass beneath without hindrance of any kind will doubtless bring forth many similar strictures and criticisms.

The great obstacle to the building of the bridge before has been of a financial character, and not because of engineering reasons. But for the panic of 1891, when money was so tight, the bridge would have been new well under way. It was the original intention of the company to build a suspension bridge, but the money stringency caused it to plan a structure that would require less capital, and the cantilever type was decided upon.

For this purpose two companies were organized. One company got a charter in New York, the other in New Jersey. George Putnam's Sons, West Twenty-third street, New York.

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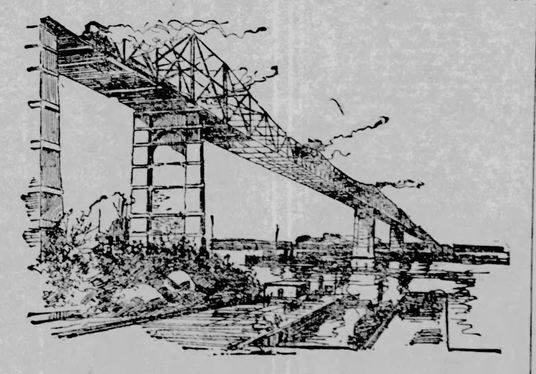
THE PROPOSED NORTH RIVER BRIDGE.



HOW THE NEW EAST RIVER BRIDGE WILL LOOK.

12,850,000, or about 70 per cent of all arriving in the city from through trains. A large proportion of this traffic will be diverted by the through accommodations the other roads will be able to provide when the bridge is built. The minimum estimate that has been made places the yearly number of passengers paying toll across the bridge at 14,000,000.

The daily arrivals of milk, flour, meat and produce are 857 cars. Adding to this a small allowance for express, the new bridge should get at least 1,000 cars a day.

The East river bridge is comparatively easy of construction, as two of its piers will rest on Blackwell's Island, midway between the New York and Brooklyn shores. The river span on each side of the island will be 846 feet, while the Island span will be 615 feet. The bottom of the bridge will be 135 feet above the river at high water mark, the same height as the Brooklyn bridge. This structure will cost $8,000,000.

It will have four railway tracks with carriageways and walks on either side. The superstructure will consist of cantilever trusses, and the steel in them will weigh about 53,000,000 pounds.

The bridge will be connected with the Third avenue "L" road, and the company plans to have a whole block between Second and Third streets for a terminal station, and a place of conection with the elevated railroad system.

The ground floor of this immense station will be a great market, and it is proposed that the cellars shall be used for the cold storage of perishable market products. The exact location of this station has not yet been announced, and it will not be until the lever, $51,128,000; suspension bridge, $30,743,000.

The enormous cost of the longer cantilever at once put it out of consideration, and it remained to choose between the shorter span, with a pier in the river, and the suspension bridge. The difference in cost is more striking in appearance than in reality, for the construction of the cantilever involved the erection of a pier in midriver, with a foundation 260 feet below the sea level, or more than 100 feet deeper than has ever before been attempted. In the suspension bridge, on the other hand, there is nothing unknown. Although the dimensions of the bridge are far greater than those of any existing structure, they are all calculable, and may be considered as determinate in cost without any question as to contingencies. The foundation would be only 125 feet deep. Furthermore, a suspension bridge can be made readily adaptable to increased traffic demand above a cantilever channel.

The army board experts not only decided that a 3,200-foot span was practicable, but also estimated that, if necessary, the span could be extended to 4,330 feet and still be within the limit of engineering possibility.

Taking the structure and terminal into consideration, it is estimated that the cost will be $45,000,000, but even if it required a capital of $60,000,000, it is believed that the bridge would earn a fair income on that sum.

According to the most conservative estimates, 85,000,000 people use the North River ferries every year. The number using the East river ferries is 89,000,000, and the Brooklyn Bridge carries 43,000,000. Hence nearly one-half of the traffic is carried on the bridges, and this number might be largely increased by improved facilities.

On this basis it is figured that at least 28,000,000 will use the new bridge. The yearly number of passengers arriving at the Grand Central Station is 3,100 feet clear-span cantilever. The bottom chord of the river span will be 135 feet above the water at high tide, the same height as the Brooklyn bridge. The towers will be 600 feet high, and the clear headway for vessels will be 135 feet above high water. The estimated cost of the bridge is $8,000,000, and the time required for its construction is three years.

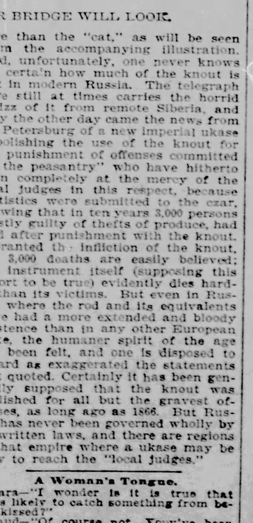
PUNISHMENT BY THE KNOUT.

Much More Severe Than Any Flogging With an Ordinary Cat.

Our own record in the matter of flogging is not a nice one. Happily, some diligent research is needed to present it fully, for the whip, as an instrument of discipline, has almost disappeared in this country. It is a good many years since the "cat" has flourished over the backs of our seamen, and its employment in our prisons is exceptional in these days. And even where it does exist the present day punishment of the "cat," inflicted with an instrument that carries no knots and seldom more than fifteen or twenty strokes, is not to be compared with the savage floggings of the past.

The Russian "knout," however, is a much more terrible instrument of torture than the "cat," as will be seen from the accompanying illustration. And, unfortunately, one never knows for certain how much of the knout is left in modern Russia. The telegraph wire still at times carries the horrid whizz of it from remote Siberia, and only the other day came the news from St. Petersburg of a new imperial ukase "abolishing the use of the knout for the punishment of offenses committed by the peasantry" who have hitherto been completely at the mercy of the local judges in this respect, because statistics were submitted to the czar, showing that in ten years 3,000 persons mostly guilty of thefts of produce, had died after punishment with the knout.

Granted the infliction of the knout, the 3,000 deaths are easily believed; the instrument itself suppeding this report to be true) evidently dies harder than its victims. But even in Russia, where the rod and its equivalents have had a more extended and bloody existence than in any other European state, the humaner spirit of the age has been felt, and one is disposed to regard as exaggerated the statements just quoted. Certainly it has been generally supposed that the knout was abolished for all but the gravest offenses, as long ago as 1666. But Russia has never been governed wholly by its written laws, and there are regions of that empire where a ukase may be slow to reach the "local judges."



RUSSIAN INSTRUMENTS OF PUNISHMENT.

A Woman's Tongue.

Clara—"I wonder is it is true that one's likely to catch something from being kissed?"

Maude—"Of course not. Your've been kissed enough but you haven't caught anvihing yet, have you?"—New York Herald.

Where to Go.

Jimbly—"There is something the matter with my head and the doctor doesn't seem to know what it is."

Jorkins—"Why don't you go to a wheel-wright?"—Indianapolis Journal.

WHEEL WITHIN A WHEEL.

True Reason Why Jack's Bicycle Class Turned Out a Failure.

She lay on the sofa in her prettiest tea-gown, says the Chicago Times-Herald, with the blinds carefully lowered, and her dearest friend, rushing into the room, exclaimed:

"Oh, Effie, I've just heard that you had an accident the other day, and I came right over to sympathize and hear all about it."

"Indeed, I had," she groaned. "I had no idea it hurt so badly just to fall off a wheel. It was all Fan's fault, too."

"How did she manage it?"

"Well, it came about this way. You know, Jack is a bicycle enthusiast, and I knew if I wanted, that is, if I cared to——"

"Don't be bashful, dear, those eyes would be your excuse if his bank account was not."

"Well, I said I must learn to ride one of the horrid things, so I asked him to teach me. He was delighted, and then Fan decided she must learn, too, and, of course, politeness obliged him to offer to teach her, too. We each bought a wheel and got a lovely bicycle suit; mine is——"

"Yes, yes; I'll see it later.Go on."

"I said nothing to any one, but I was determined to get ahead of Miss Fan, so I took a few lessons on the sly. You should have seen Jack's surprise when he took us out for the first time and found I could ride right off, for, of course, I didn't think it necessary to speak of the lessons."

"Of course not. Now did Fan——"

"Oh, Jess, I wish you could only have seen her! She wobbled about and scrambled and plunged and held on to Jack until I was actually ashamed of her; it was so bold and unfeminine. I am sure I couldn't get away for an instant; I saw then I'd made a great mistake."

"But didn't he praise your ability?"

"Oh, yes; but praise doesn't amount to much when it has to be shouted to you fifteen feet away and interrupted by screams and clutches like his was."

"But wasn't it any better next time?"

"It was not; for the next, either; she didn't make any effort to learn—she just played off those eyelashes and clung to him and screamed, and I did not think he displayed an unnecessary amount of patience."

"Why didn't you get her out to practice alone?"

"I did try, but she wouldn't go—said she'd never dare to mount her wheel without Jack. Well, I knew I must do something, so the next time we went out I just went over a stone and fell; he left Fan quick enough then—he was frightened than I meant to and sprained my wrist awfully."

"Well, it wasn't so bad after all, since Jack is a medical student."

"I know. He brought me home, bandaged my wrist, and has been coming over every day to look at it. We came home with him one day and told me that it was all because I was too independant, and that I didn't admire clinging, feminine women."

"That girl will be the death of me yet."

"Mum. I'm sorry now that I fell, you see an hour a day spent here doesn't amount to much, and Fan pretends that she is so anxious to learn and has him out every spare moment."

"And she is not learning a bit faster, either. Why, here comes Katie!"

Just after Jack's departure Katie cried: "Oh, Effie, I've come to ask you to be my bridesmaid. You see, Jack and I quarreled two weeks ago because I refused to ride a wheel. Yesterday he came over and said I was quite right. I was not to be outdone in generosity, so I said I'd ride, after all, and—well, the wedding is set for June."

"How perfectly lovely," remarked Jessie. "By the way, if you want to buy a wheel cheap, I'm sure Fan would be glad to sell you hers—she has no use for it."

"Thank you," replied the bride-elect. "I shall speak to her about it. Why, Effie, I'm afraid you must be suffering from chills and blinks. I declare you look quite feverish."

Excellent Results.

"I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla as a wonderful medicine, and especially as a great blood purifier. It was used in our family last spring and summer with excellent results."—Daisy Antrim, New Jerusalem, Ohio.

Hood's Pills cure sick headache, indigestion.

BRILLIANTS.

Strange! that one lightly whispered tone
Is far, far sweeter into me
Than all the sounds that kiss the earth,
Or breathe along the sea!
But, lady, when thy voice I greet,
Not heavenly mu ic seems so sweet.
—O. W. Holmes.

Ah, no! let lovers breathe their sighs
And roses bloom, and music sound,
And passion burn on lips and eyes,
And nature's merry world go round;
Let golden sunshine flood the sky,
And let me lo ve, or let me die.
—William Winter.

These many years since we began to be,
What have the gods done with us? what
With why love? They have shown
me fates and fears,
Harsh springs, and fountains bitterer
Grief a fevered star, and joy a vane that
veers.
These many years.
—Swinburne.

A heart to lay at the feet of my love!
To beat there in its simple truth,
Not for a day—not for a dream—
Strong to endure, when the heat of
youth
And the mid-age shall have passed
away—
Such a heart I lay at the feet of my
love!
—Hamilton Aide.

Fill the swift days full, my dear,
Since life is short!
Love, and hold love fast, my dear,
He is so sweet—
Sweetest, dearest, fleetest comer,
Fledgling of the sudden summer.

Love, but not too well, my dear!
When skies are gray,
And the autumn winds are here,
Love will away—
Fleetest, vaguest, farthest rover
When the summer's warmth is over.
—Louise Chandler Moulton.

He Did Not Tumble.

She had now become desparate.

"Your family has a grand name," he observed.

"I would prefer almost any other," she rejoined with a promptness sufficient to suggest that she had given the subject thought.

After a time she sat as one in a trance and wondered what would be the chances of his tumbling if a wheat elevator were to precipitate itself upon him.—Detroit Tribune.

Equal to the Occasion.

"My Uncle Toby is a sailor, and has had no end of awful adventures, better than anything you've ever read about."

"But your uncle has never had h's leg bit off by a shark, has he?"

"Yes, he has, though, dozens of times!"—London Fun.

His Interpretation.

She—Why are people making such a fuss over this woman who survived the Elbe?

He—Don't you see? She didn't drown, and that shows she must have known how to keep her mouth shut.—The Courier-Journal.

She Knew Him.

"He will turn the tables on you if you are not careful," said one woman to another, who was berating her husband.

"Turn nothing," she exclaimed; "he's so lazy he wouldn't turn a table if it was on rollers."

BACKACHE

AND BEARING-DOWN PAINS

Nearly Drove Mrs. Martin Hale Wild. How She Obtained Relief.

[SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.]

"Nearly all last winter I was sick in bed, and was attended by different physicians; none cured me, none helped me very much. When I attempted to get up, it was always the same story; my back would ache, I was dizzy and faint, the bearing-down pains were terrible. I also had kidney trouble badly.

"I knew I must have help right away. I resolved to try *Lydia E. Pinkham's* Vegetable Compound. The results were marvellous. I have gained in every way, and am entirely cured." — Mrs. Martin Hale, Oakdale, Mass. Every druggist has it.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Protrusion of Womb in Mare.

H. F. S., West Virginia: As the trouble of which you speak occurs only when the mare lies down, and disappears when she gets up, if necessary to have it return to its proper place, you may apply cloths dipped in warm water. Apply a little sweet oil after the fomentation, and as the protrusion is not great, it may be gently worked to its place with the fingers. The stall should have a slope, so that the hinder part of the mare will be higher than the front. As the mare exhibits no effort to expel the uterus while on her feet, the above treatment may have the desired effect. This trouble is frequently the result of violence of the stallion, ulcers or local violence. The bowels should not be allowed to get constipated. A few bran mashes or a little raw linseed oil should be given if constipation manifests itself. If you have a veterinarian near you, it will be well for you to have him examine the mare. In severe cases of protrusion of the womb, other methods than the one here mentioned are necessary. The editor can

Talmage's Sermon.

ONE OF THE HEROIC CHARACTERS IN JEWISH HISTORY.

Dr. Talmage Draws a Useful Lesson for His Hearers.

New York, June 3.—In his sermon Sunday Rev. Dr. Talmage discussed one of the most heroic and picturesque characters in ancient Jewish history, a man who, like many others who achieved high distinction, came from the sturdy rural classes—the agriculturists. The subject of the sermon was: "Shamgar's Ox Goad," the text being: "After him was Shamgar, which slew of the Philistines six hundred men with an ox-goad." Judges iii. 31.

Dr. Talmage said: One day while Shamgar, the farmer, was plowing with a yoke of oxen, his command of whoa-haw-gee was changed to the shout of battle. Philistines, always ready to make trouble, march up with sword and spear. Shamgar, the plowman, had no sword, and would not probably have known how to wield it if he had possessed one. But fight he must, or go down under the stroke of the Philistines. He had an ox-goad—a weapon used to urge on the lazy team; a weapon about eight feet long, with a sharp iron at one end to puncture the beast, and a wide iron chisel, or shovel, at the other end with which to scrape the clumps of soil from the plowshare. Yet, with the iron prong at one end of the ox-goad, and the iron scraper at the other, it was not such a weapon as one would desire to use in battle with armed Philistines. But God helped the farmer, and leaving the oxen to look after themselves, he charged upon the invaders of his homestead.

Some of the commentaries, to make it easier for Shamgar, suggest that perhaps he led a regiment of farmers into combat, his ox-goad only one of many ox-goads. But the Lord does not need any of you to help in making the Scriptures, and Shamgar, with the Lord on his side, was mightier than six hundred Philistines with the Lord against them. The battle opened. Shamgar, with muscle strengthened by open air, and plowman's, and reaper's, and thresher's toil, uses the only weapon at hand, and he swings the ox-goad up and down, and this way and that, now stabbing with the iron prong at one end of it, and now thrusting with the iron scraper at the other, and now bringing down the whole weight of the instrument upon the heads of the enemy. The Philistines are in a panic, and the supernatural forces come in, and a blow that would not under other circumstances have prostrated or slain, left its victim lifeless; until when Shamgar walked over the field, he counted one hundred dead, four hundred dead, five hundred dead, six hundred dead —all the work done by an ox-goad with iron prong at one end and an iron shovel at the other. The fame of this achievement by this farmer with an awkward weapon of war, spread abroad, and lionized him, until he was hoisted into the highest place of power, and became the third of the mighty judges of Israel. So you see that Cincinnatus was not only the only man lifted from plow to throne.

For what reason was this unprecedented and unparalleled victory of a farmer's ox-goad put into this Bible, where there was no spare room for the unimportant and the trivial?

It was, first of all, to teach you, and to teach me, and to teach all past ages since then, and to teach all ages to come, that in the war of God, and against sin, we ought to put to the best use the weapons we happen to have on hand. Why did not Shamgar wait until he could get a war charger, with neck arched, and back caparisoned, and nostrils sniffing the battle afar off, or until he could get war equipment, and could drill a regiment, and wheeling them into line, command them forward to the charge? To wait for that would have been defeat and annihilation. So he takes the best weapon he could lay hold of, and that is an ox-goad. We are called into the battle for the right, and against wrong, and many of us have not just the kind of weapon we would prefer. It may not be a sword of argument. It may not be the spear of sharp thrusting wit. It may not be the battering ram of denunciation. But there is something we can do, and some forces we can wield. Do not wait for what you have not, but use what you have. Perhaps you have not eloquence, but you have a smile. Well, a smile of encouragement has changed the behavior of tens of thousands of wanderers, and brought them back to God, and enthroned them in heaven.

Again, my subject springs upon us the thought that in calculating the prospects of religious attempts, we must take omnipotence, and omniscience, and omnipresence, and all the other attributes of God into the calculation. Whom do you see on that plowed field of my text? One hearer says, "I see Shamgar." Another hearer says, "I see six hundred Philistines." My hearer, you have missed the chief personage on that battlefield of plowed ground. I also see Shamgar, and six hundred Philistines, but more than all, and mightier than all, and more overwhelming than all, I see God. Shamgar with his unaided arm, however muscular, and with that humble instrument of agricultural purposes, and never constructed for combat, could not have wrought such victory.

It was Omnipotence above, and beneath, and back of, and at the point of the ox goad. Before that battle was over the plowman realized this, and all the six hundred Philistines realized it, and all who visited the battlefield afterward appreciated it. I want in heaven to hear the story, for it can never be fully told on earth—perhaps some day may be set apart for the rehearsal, while all heaven listens—the story of how God blessed awkward and humble instruments. Many an evangelist has come into a town given up to worldliness. The pastors say to the evangelist, "We are glad you have come, but it is a hard field and we feel sorry for you. The members of our churches play progressive euchre, and go to the theater, and bet at the horse races, and gayety and fashion have taken possession of the town. We have advertised your meetings, but are not very hopeful. God bless you." This evangelist takes his place on platform or pulpit. He never graduated at college, and there are before him twenty graduates of the best universities. He never took one lesson in elocution, and there are before him twenty trained orators. Many of the ladies present are graduates of the highest female seminaries, and one slip in grammar or one mispronunciation, will result in suppressed giggles. Amid the general chill that pervades the house the unpretending evangelist opens his Bible and takes for his text, "Lord, that my eyes may be opened." Opera glasses in the gallery curiously scrutinize the speaker. He tells in a plain way the story of the blind man, tells two or three touching anecdotes, and the general chill gives way before a strange warmth. A classical hearer who took the first honor at Yale, and who is a prince of proprieties, finds his spectacles becoming dim with a moisture suggestive of tears. A worldly mother, who has been bringing up her sons and daughters in utter godlessness, puts her handkerchief to her eyes and begins to weep. Highly educated men who came to criticise, and pick to pieces, and find fault, bow on their gold-headed canes.

What is that sound from under the gallery? It is a sob, and sobs are catching; and all along the walls, and all up and down the audience, there is deep emotion, so that when at the close of the service anxious souls are invited to especial seats, or the inquiry room, they come up by scores, and kneel and repent, and rise up pardoned; the whole town is shaken, and places of evil amusement are sparsely attended, and rum holes lose their patrons, and the churches are thronged, and the whole community is cleansed, and elevated, and rejoiced. What power did the evangelist bring to bear to capture that town for righteousness?? Not one brilliant epigram did he utter. Not one graceful gesture did he make. Not one rhetorical climax did he pile up. But there was something about him that people had not taken in the estimate when they prophesied the failure of that work. They had not taken into the calculation the Omnipotence of the Holy Ghost. It was not the flash of a Damascus blade. It was God, before, and behind, and all around the ox-goad. When people say that crime will triumph, and the world will never be converted because of the seeming inefficiency of the means employed, they count the six hundred armed Philistines on one side, and Shamgar, the farmer, awkwardly equipped, on the other side; not realizing that the chariots of God are twenty thousand, and that all heaven, cherubic, seraphic, archangelic, Deific, is on what otherwise would be the weak side. Napoleon, the author of the saying, "God is on the side of the heaviest artillery," lived to find out his mistake; for at Waterloo the 160 guns of the English overcame the 250 guns of the French. God is on the side of right, and one man in the right will eventually be found stronger than six hundred men in the wrong. In all estimates of any kind of Christian work, do not make the mistake every day made of leaving out the Head of the Universe.

Again, my subject springs upon the thought that in God's service it is best to use weapons that are particularly suited to us. Shamgar had, like many of us, been brought up on a farm. He knew nothing about javelins, and bucklers, and helmets, and breastplates, and greaves of brass, and catapults, and ballistae, and iron scythes fastened to the axles of chariots. But he was familiar with the flail of the threshing floor, and knew how to pound with that; and the oxgoad of the plowman, and knew how to thrust with that. And you and I will do best to use those means that we can best handle; those weapons with which we can make the most execution. Some in God's service will do best with the pen; some with the voice; some by extemporaneous speech, for they have the whole vocabulary of the English language half way between their brain and tongue; and others will do best with manuscript spread out before them. Some will serve God by the plow, raising wheat and corn, and giving liberally of what they sell to churches and missions; some as merchants, and out of their profits will dedicate a tenth to the Lord; some as physicians, prescribing for the world's ailments; and some as attorneys, defending innocence and obtaining rights that otherwise would not be recognized; and some as sailors, helping bridge the seas; and some as teachers and pastors. The kingdom of God is dreadfully retarded by so many of us attempting to do that which we can not do; reaching up for broadswords, or falchion, or bayonet, or scimetar, or Enfield rifle, or Paixhan's gun, while we ought to be content with an ox-goad. I thank God that there are tens of thousands of Christians whom you never heard of, and never will hear of, until you see them in the high places of heaven, who are now in a quiet way in homes, and school houses, and in praying circles, and by sick beds, and up in dark alleys saying the saving word, and doing the saving deed; the aggregation of their work overpowering the most ambitious statistics. In the grand review of heaven, when the regiments pass the Lord of hosts, there will be whole regiments of nurses, and Sabbath school teachers, and tract distributors, and unpretending workers, before whom, as they pass, the kings and queens of God and the lamb will lift flashing coronet and bow down in recognition and reverence.

The most of the Christian work for the world's reclamation and salvation will be done by the people of one talent, and two talents, while the ten-talent people are up in the astronomical observatories studying other worlds, though they do little or nothing for the redemption of this world; or are up in the rarefied realms of "Higher Criticism" trying to find out that Moses did not write the Pentateuch, or to prove that the throat of the whale was not large enough to swallow the minister who declined the call of Nineveh, and apologizing for the Almighty for certain inexplicable things they have found in the Scriptures. It will be found out at the last that the Krupp guns have not done so much to capture this world for God as the ox-goads.

Not much of a weapon, you would say, is a broken pitcher, but the Lord made that awful crash of crockery the means of triumph for his people. And there is yet to be a battle with the pitchers. The night of the world's dissipation may get darker and darker, but after a while, in what watch of the night I know not, all the ale pitchers, and the wine pitchers, and the beer pitchers, and the whisky pitchers of the earth will be hurled into demolition by converted inebriates and Christian reformers, and at that awful crash of infernal crockery the Amelekitish host of pauperism, and loaferism, and domestic quarrel, and cruelty, and assassination will fly the earth. Take the first weapon you can lay your hands on. Why did David choose the sling when he went at Goliath, and Goliath went at him. Brought up in the country.

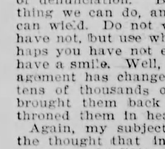
Like every other boy he knew how to manage a sling. Saul's armor was first put on him, but the giant's armor was too heavy. The helmet was clapped on him as an extinguisher, but David said, "I cannot go with these, for I have not proved them." And the first wise thing David did after putting on Saul's armor was to put it off. Then the brook Elah, the bed of which was dry when I saw it, and one vast reach of pebbles, furnished the five smooth stones of the brook with which Goliath was prostrated. Whether it be a boy's sling, or a broken pitcher, or an ox-goad, take that which you can manage, and ask God for help, and no power on earth or in hell can stand before you.

Go out, then, I charge you, against the Philistines. We must admit the odds are against us—six hundred to one. In the matter of dollars, those devoted to worldliness and sin, and dissipation, when compared with the dollars devoted to holiness and virtue—six hundred to one. The houses set apart for vice, and despoliation, and ruin, as compared with those dedicated to good, six hundred to one. The printed newspaper sheets scattered abroad from day to day, those depraving as compared with those elevating, are six hundred to one. The agencies for making the world worse compared with the agencies for making the world better, six hundred to one.

But Moses in his song, chants "How should one chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight?" and in my text one ox-goad conquers six hundred uplifted battle axes; and the day of universal victory coming, unless the Bible be a fabrication, and eternity a myth, and the chariots of God are unwheeled on the golden streets, and the last regiment of the celestial hosts lies dead on the plains of heaven. With us, or without us, the work will be done. Oh, ranks somewhere, armed somehow; you with a needle; you with a pen; you with a good book; you with a loaf of bread for the hungry; you with a vial of medicine for the sick; you with a pair of shoes for the bare-footed; you with word of encouragement for the young man trying to get back from evil ways; you with some story of the Christ who came to heal the wounds and pardon the blackest guilt, and call the forthest wanderer home. I say to you as the watchman of London used to say at night to the householders, before the time of street lamps came: "Hang out your light!" "Hang out your light!"

Gold Produced Last Year.

Last year's output of gold: $200,000,000. San Francisco Bulletin.



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Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

HOME CALISTHENICS.

BEFORE BREAKFAST EXERCISES TO MAKE WOMEN SUPPLE.

SIMPLE BUT GRACEFUL POSES WITH A PURPOSE.

The Ordinary Broomstick as a Muscle Maker.

The athletic craze, says the New York World, has grown to such an extent that private gymnasiums have been added to the nursery and the boudoir. The governess that has no knowledge of calisthenics has but little chance of retaining her position in the modern rich man's household. She is expected to take the little ones in hand and put them through daily exercises that are calculated to de-

READY FOR EXERCISE.

velop every muscle of the body and limb, while milady takes lessons from a professor in gymnastics.

But while the women's gymnasiums have hundreds of pupils, there are scores of other women who get their exercise in their own homes and according to well-tried rules. The bedroom may be made to answer the purpose of a gymnasium, and the outfit is such as may be set up in any household.

If you should chance to know of a girl who a few months ago was thin and almost consumptive-looking, but who is now full-chested, rounded perfectly in arm and leg, square of shoulder, and graceful of carriage, and if you know she has not attended a gymnasium, you may depend upon it that she has practised boudoir calisthenics.

The chances are that as soon as she is out of bed in the morning a loose-flowing, chemise-like garment is put on, belted at the waist by a ribon. The bed is pushed to one corner to give plenty of room, and her exercises begin. The only gymnasium-like implement she uses is a stick about five feet long and one inch in diameter; possibly at one time it did service as a broom handle. With this she goes through a series of gentle but strengthening exercises. A window is raised, if the weather is not too cold, to admit fresh air.

Her first exercise is filling and expanding the lungs. She stands perfectly erect, heels together and arms extending straight to the front, palms touching. The palms are now separated and the arms sweep backward at the same time she draws in a full breath. When the arms are thrown as far backward as convenient, and the lungs are expanded, the operation is reversed, the arms being brought to the first position and the breath exhaled.

After this is repeated several times she varies the exercise by dropping the arms close to her hips and raising them above her head, without bend-

FOOT EXERCISE.

ing the elbow, dawing in the breath all the while, and letting it out as the arms are dropped to the hips again. Now she doubles her fists and draws them toward her until they strike her shoulders, the elbows being close to her sides; then she extends them full to the front, as though striking at an imaginary foe, inhaling and exhaling her breath with each motion.

By this time the muscles of her arms are limbered, her lungs expanded with fresh air, and the blood is tingling in her veins. She is now ready for the neck exercise. In this she simply lets her head drop forward as though the muscles of the neck had lost their power. The head is then rolled with a circular motion from side to side, as though she were trying to see how large a circle she could describe in the air with the crown of her head as a marker.

In the course of the moving of the head in this manner every muscle of the neck is brought into action at some point of the circle. This is a favorite exercise of actresses and society girls, and is productive of full, well-rounded necks.

The next boudoir exercise is that with the broomsick. The first movement is to extend the arms at full length to the front, grasping the stick

WITH A BROOMSTICK.

in both hands; the young woman then raises them slowly to a position over the head, and then down behind, keeping the arms rigid. At first her hands had to be widely separated on the stick to enable her to do this, but as she progressed it was not long before the feat could be done with the hands no more than two feet apart. This exercise develops the muscles of the arms, chest and back.

She begins another exercise by holding the stick in the same manner and putting her foot through without removing either hand. Her dainty toes got many a crack before she could put her foot over the stick without striking it, but perseverence conquered, and now she puts either foot over and back again equally well without touching the stick with her toes. She will soon be able to jump through it, both feet at once, quite as easily as she skipped a rope at chic 14. In this movement the muscles of the arms, legs, hips and back are brought into action, and it requires just enough vigor to create bodily warmth.

Another movement that gives strength and suppleness to the back is that of leaning forward until the tips of the fingers touch the toes. In this woman shows her superiority over man, for no Adam can compete with an Eve in the ease and grace with which she can execute this movement. A woman is equally adept at leaning backward, and the trained athletes among them can catch hold of their heels before a man can recover from his first effort at the backward bend. There is no exercise that the athletic young woman takes to more easily than the forward and backward bend.

The young lady at exercise is now ready for the leg swing. In this she tries to see how large a circle she can describe in the air with her great toes as markers, by swinging first one leg and then the other. As a developer of the thigh this movement beats high kicking, as it brings into action all the muscles of the leg from the ankle to

HAND AND FOOT.

the hip. Sometimes she may vary this movement by balancing on one foot and describing a circle on the floor with the other, and she may enliven it with a little high kicking and other maneuvers which she would consider quite improper outside the precincts of her own sanctum.

In these exercises she is careful to avoid overexertion, and with equal care she endeavors to develop all muscles equally. Her aim is physical culture, and not merely that she may be able to perform particular feats of skill and agility. The neck, chest, back, hips, legs and ankles all receive due attention.

Having performed all these exercises she will probably end them by sitting on the floor and, drawing one foot up under her, try to rise from this position without touching her hands to the floor. This is more difficult than it seems, and is practiced with care, from fear of overexertion. Though it is not a graceful position in which to be caught, it is worth trying, as by it almost every muscle of the body is brought into play. As a hip developer it beats all the patent pads ever invented.

Although the boudoir athletic young woman is deprived of the opportunity to indulge her vanity and parade her charms by strutting about clad after the style of the Roman gladiator and does not punch a bag, whirl on a horizontal bar, swing one foot on a trapeze, or turn handsprings, as do her sisters in the gymnasiums for women, she is still an athlete and has gone through every exercise necessary for health and symmetry of form.

After her boudoir exercises are done with she takes a light sponge bath, and with a crash or Turkish towel rubs her body briskly until the blood is well started and the system in a glow. Not more than ten minutes have been occupied in healthful calisthenics, but she dresses and goes down to her breakfast with an appetite that would do credit to her biggest brother.

It Was Something Else.

A woman stood on the edge of the wharf at the foot of Third street yesterday forenoon gazing into the river so long and earnestly that a clerk from a warehouse suspected she was trying to work up her courage to leap in. He therefore went out to her and said:

"Madam, you might accidentally fall in, you know."

"Y—e—s, I might, but I shan't!" she drily replied.

"You were not thinking of suicide, I hope?"

"Not to any extent."

"Just enjoying the breezes and the scenery?"

She turned and surveyed him for a minute and then replied:

"Young man, you attend to your own affairs! I've an hour to wait for a train coming in. My husband will be on that train. He's been gone six weeks and hasn't sent me a dollar, and he's sneaking back to get his duds and put out for good. I shall be in the depot to meet him and give him a great surprise. I wasn't thinking of suicide or scenery or breezes. I was just wondering whether I should break his neck all at once or at intervals, and if you want to see the fun you tag along when you see me leave here."—Detroit Free Press.

The Glory of Woman

Is a fine set of teeth as well as a fine head of hair. How the enamel glistens after a good brushing with fragrant SOZODONT! Nothing destructive to the teeth can exist on the surface or at the roots, if this vegetable antidote to corrosion is duly applied.

Her Way.

Clara—"You've heard me speak of young Mr. Bagster, haven't you?"

Maud—"Oh yes."

Clara—"Do you know, the fellow has fallen in love with me."

Maud—"Has he said anything?"

Clara—"Oh, no."

Maud—"Are you sure?"

Clara—"Yes indeed, I can tell by so many ways. I know he is on the eve of proposing, and yet diffidence holds him back."

Maud—"What are you going to do—accept him?"

Clara—"Mercy no. That's what troubles me. He's nice and all that, but I know I never could love him, and certainly never would consent to marry him. Yet I don't want him to think I am a coquette."

Maud—"I see. What you want to do is to stop him where he is."

Clara—"Exactly. Can you suggest a way?"

Maud—"Certainly. Send him to see me."

His Identity.

Housewife (suspiciously)—Aren't you the tramps to whom I gave a whole mince pie last week?

Ragged Haggard—Nome, I'm his ghost.—Truth

Song of the Washboard.

Endless rubbing—tiresome, ruinous, backbreaking; wear and tear on things rubbed; wear and tear on temper and health; wear and tear on everything—even the washboard itself. It's all done away with, if you use Pearline. There is no washboard; no rubbing; there's no wear, and there's little work. It's the only sensible way of washing—easy, economical, and, above all things, absolutely safe.

Send it Back. Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—*send it back.* 413 JAMES PYLE, N.Y.

The Sunday School.

Peter and the Risen Lord.

LESSON II, JUNE 16, 1895.

Golden Text: Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee.—John 21:17.

LESSON TEXT.

(John 21:1-17. Memory verses: 15-17.)

Study connection in John 21.

4. But when the morning was now come, Jesus stood on the shore; but the disciples knew not that it was Jesus.

5. Then Jesus saith unto them, Children, have ye any meat? They answered him, No.

6. And he said unto them, Cast the net on the right side of the ship, and ye shall find. They cast therefore, and now they were not able to draw it for the multitude of fishes.

7. Therefore that disciple whom Jesus loved saith unto Peter, It is the Lord. Now when Simon Peter heard that it was the Lord, he girt his fisher's coat unto him, (for he was naked), and did cast himself into the sea.

8. And the other disciples came in a little ship, (for they were not far from land, but as it were two hundred cubits), dragging the net with fishes.

9. As soon as they were come to land, they saw a fire of coals there, and fish laid thereon, and bread.

10. Jesus saith unto them, Bring of the fish ye have now caught.

11. Simon Peter went up, and drew the net to land full of great fishes, a hundred and fifty and three: and for all there were so many, yet was not the net broken.

12. Jesus saith unto them, Come and dine. And none of the disciples durst ask him, Who art thou? knowing that it was the Lord.

13. Jesus then cometh, and taketh bread, and giveth them, and fish likewise.

14. This is now the third time that Jesus showed himself to his disciples, after that he was risen from the dead.

15. So when they had dined, Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, Feed my lambs.

16. He saith to him again the second time, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, Feed my sheep.

17. He saith unto him the third time, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? Peter was grieved because he said unto him the third time, Lovest thou me? And he saith unto him, Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee. Jesus saith unto him, Feed my sheep.

Illustrative Applications.

When day was now breaking, Jesus stood on the beach; howbeit the disciples knew not that it was Jesus (v. 4). Jesus is prompter to come to his disciples than his disciples are to recognize him when he comes. Many a believer in Jesus wishes that Jesus was near at the beginning of a new day with its burdens and toils, but fails to see him at hand in the first glow of the morning's light, ready to give sympathy and help to the uttermost. How dull our eyes are, because of the dullness of our hearts. If we would look expectantly for Jesus, we should see him oftener and more clearly than we do. The fault is not his, but ours, that we lack constant communion with him.

Children, have ye aught to eat? (v. 5). Jesus is interested in the interests of his followers. There is never a need of theirs that he does not feel. If they lack bread, it touches his heart. If they are weary in unsuccessful toil, they have his sympathy, and they may know that he feels with and for them tenderly. If we realized this truth as we might, our burdens would be lighter and our hearts more joyous.

Cast the net on the right side of the boat and ye shall find (v. 6). Wise doing as well as earnest longing is essential to success in any good cause. If any man lack wisdom, God can enlighten him as to methods of work, as surely as Jesus enlightened the fisher disciples. Many years ago all the churches in Hartford were strung along Main street, or within a single square of it. There was a public meeting to consider methods of evangelization. "Father Hawley," a city missionary, made an earnest address in favor of mission school work on the east side of the city, toward the river. "My friends," he said, "you have been fishing along Main street without much success long enough. Now 'cast the net on the right side of the boat and ye shall find.'" As he said this a wave of his hand in the direction of the then neglected district gave practical emphasis to his words. There is truth in this illustration that will bear a wide application.

That disciple whom Jesus loved saith It is the Lord (v. 7). Love begets love, and love is keen-eyed. John loved Jesus, but Jesus first loved John; and John was so grateful for the love of Jesus that he always spoke of himself as the one whom Jesus loved. Every one of us can speak of himself in the same way as the one whom Jesus loves. Our love for Jesus is not to be wondered at, but that he should love us is indeed a wonder. This is the side of truth that we should teach to the little ones, so that they may sing gladly:

"Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so.
Little ones to him belong;
They are weak, but he is strong."

Jesus saith, Bring of the fish that ye have now taken (v. 10). How good it was for Jesus to ask those fishermen to give him a share of their "catch"! He wanted them to know that, even though he was no longer in the limitations and within the needs of humanity, he would be pleased to have their ministry to him for their sakes. It is the same with Jesus to-day. He can get on without our money or our services in the Sunday school, in the church, in the community about us, or in the missionary field; but we cannot get on as we might if we refuse our help in any of these fields. Jesus asks for a share of all the fish we catch, of all the crops we gather, of all the money we get, of all the time and strength we have. If we refrain from rendering it to him, the loss is ours, not his.

Lord, thou knowest that I love thee (v. 15). A loving heart is always its own best witness. It will speak as no words can speak in its own defense, when doubted. And when a loving heart is pained at being called in question because of some seeming failure, it canot do better than to trust itself to the consciousness of the one toward whom it outreaches in love. If, indeed, every human friend should fail to recognize the love of another's loving heart, Jesus never so fails. The Lord knoweth them that are his—whatever be their shortcomings.

Feed my lambs. Tend my sheep. Feed my sheep (vs. 15-17). Jesus asked no fresh expressions of regret, no fresh promises of fidelity; but he did ask a loving ministry to his needy loved ones. And that is the test of love which Jesus asks from all his disciples who have at any time failed to be true to him; not self-inflicted penance, not a multitude of self-reproaches, but active service in behalf of those whom Jesus loves. Indeed, there is no way in which we who are conscious of failure hitherto in the service of Jesus can so gladden the heart of Jesus as by rising up to minister lovingly to those who are dear to him, and who have need of our ministry. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me."—H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.

—That tired feeling, loss of appetite and nervous prostration are driven away by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which makes pure blood.

Her Fears Groundless.

"Not yet, Harry," said the timid girl, eluding his outstretched arms, "I—I like you, of course, but—but what drinks are you fond of?"

"Mildred," replied the young man with the long drooping mustache, anticipating with love's quick intuition the trembling fear that had cast its shadow over her heart, "I never drink buttermilk."

The next moment her lovely head, with its wealth of golden hair, lay trustingly on his manly shoulder.

CONSUMPTION

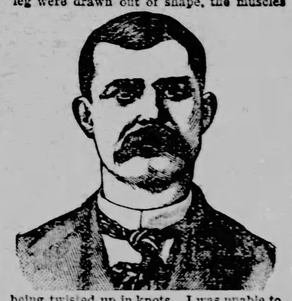
To the Editor—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. T. A. Slocum, M.C., 183 Pearl St., New York.

UNTOLD MISERY FROM RHEUMATISM

C. H. King, Water Valley, Miss., cured by

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

"For five years, I suffered untold misery from muscular rheumatism. I tried every known remedy, consulted the best physicians, visited Hot Springs, Ark., three times, spending $1000 there, besides doctors' bills; but could obtain only temporary relief. My flesh was wasted away so that I weighed only ninety-three pounds; my left arm and leg were drawn out of shape, the muscles



being twisted up in knots. I was unable to dress myself, except with assistance, and could only hobble about by using a cane. I had no appetite, and was assured, by the doctors, that I could not live. The pains at times, were so awful, that I could procure relief only by means of hypodermic injections of morphine. I had my limbs bandaged in clay, in sulphur, in poultices; but these gave only temporary relief. After trying everything, and suffering the most awful tortures, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Inside of two months, I was able to walk without a cane. In three months, my limbs began to strengthen, and in the course of a year, I was cured. My weight has increased to 165 pounds, and I am now able to do my full day's work as a railroad blacksmith."

AYER'S

The Only World's Fair Sarsaparilla.

AYER'S PILLS cure Headache.

PEANUTS AND FIREWATER.

Luxuries for Which the Red Men of the East Dig Sassafras Root.

A few nights ago an Indian was brought into police station No. 1 on the usual charge, drunkenness. He had a pinched-up and wrinkled face; he licked the litheness, the agility, and in fact, all the poetic qualities of the Indian, says the Buffalo Courier. On one arm he carried a basket which contained a few bundles of sassafras. This he good-naturedly distributed among the men in the station house.

"What's your name?" asked the doorman.

"Name? Me got no name. You tink me fool, tell my name so he disgraced. Ugh!" and the Indian shrugged his shoulders triumphantly. "My name sassafras; no taint, it, John Jacobs."

"All right, John; how old are you?" asked the doorman.

"Me? I never tried t' think. Gues 'bout a hundred."

"Are you drunk, John?" asked a person standing near.

"No, me no drunk. Just drink one pint whisky. That little no make Injun drunk."

This dialogue finished, a reserve man began to search the Indian. In one pocket was a pack of pennants. In another coat pocket was another sack of peanuts. In one trousers pocket was a half-filled sack of peanuts and nine cents in small pieces. John must be a gormand in the peanut line, for in the other trousers pocket was a fourth sack of peanuts. Every one laughed when this was brought out, and the Indian seeming surprised that he had such an enormous stock of the nuts, laughed as heartily as the others. It would be well nigh impossible to enumerate all the trinkets that were secreted in John's numerous pockets. There were jack-knives, spectacles, and any quantity of trifles, such as may be bought from the street peddlers.

"Is that all you have in your pockets?" asked the policeman.

"Yes, that all; ain't that 'nough?" John bubbled out with a laugh. He thoughtlessly opened his coat when he said this, and this brought to the eyes of the searcher the nozzle of a big whisky bottle. This bottle the Indian had tried hard to keep from the view of the policeman, and perhaps he would have succeeded had he not gone to far in his efforts to convince him that he had gotten all that was in his pockets.

When the bottle was seen John was called back to the desk. He walked back reluctantly and with a dogged air. "Don't you believe me?" He kept his right arm close to his side, and objected to allowing the policeman to go through his pockets again. The two struggled an instant, and then the policeman held up a quart bottle half full of whisky.

When the bottle was brought forth all the onlookers laughed vehemently. John was much disappointed. He laughed and then scowled, and finally ventured: "Firewater bad thing. Ought to be locked up. Put he in my cell. Him and me good friends; we won't fight."

Sentence of the Indian was suspended the following morning.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

A Great House.

An actor who plays juvenile roles met a leading man on the Rialto. The leading man was dressed in deep black. There was a wide band of crape on his hat, and he had discarded the patent leather shoes an actor loves for shoes of a subdued polish that spoke of grief.

"What's the matter?" asked the juvenile.

"My father is dead," answered the leading man, in a heartbroken voice.

The juvenile expressed his sympathy.

"When did he die?" he asked.

"Last week. We buried him to-day—a nice funeral," answered the heartbroken voice.

"Large attendance?" asked the juvenile.

A smile of enthusiastic delight flashed over the mourner's face.

"Large attendance!" he cried. "My boy, we turned 'em away."—Philadelphia Call.

A Difference of Feeling.

"I kin almost make out this feller's poem," said Uncle Si, laying down the magazine his niece had brought to the farm, "but not quite."

"Read it, uncle," said the niece.

"It goes this way:

"'Low in the West there sullen lies
A cloud portentous, black with tongues of flame;
A strange thrill brings the teardrops to my eyes,
A subtle feeling permeates my frame.'"

"Well, what is there you do not understand? It seems a clear exposition of moods produced by a coming storm."

"I understand the storm part of it all right, but what I can't git at from his verses is whether he feels it coming in his rheumatics or his corns. Some folks feels it one way and some the other, you know."—Cincinnati Tribune.

Almost Everything.

"Mandy," said Farmer Corntossel, as he set down a bucket of spring water and leaned against the doorpost, "ain't the Goddess of Liberty a female?"

"Course."

"Ain't Queen Victoria a lady?"

"Certainly."

"Ain't all our ships called she?"

"Invariably."

"Ain't the statoo of Freedom in the feminine gender?"

"It is."

"Well, what do you 'mancipated women want, anyhow—the earth?"

LIVING WITH SNAKES.

How to Keep the Creatures Alive—A Peculiar Case.

So long as human nature retains its instinctive dislike to anything that creeps or crawls, the practice of keeping snakes is not likely to extend far beyond its present limits, says the London Sketch. Most people, probably, would find it exceedingly difficult to name any one addicted to this propensity. Dr. Arthur Stradling, the subject of this sketch, declares it to be, in his case, hereditary. His father was fond of snakes, and his son, 9 years of age, is devoted to them and experiences absolutely no fear in their presence. How far the child, who figures in the illustration, will develop his taste remains to be seen; of the father it may be said that he has devoted the leisure—enforced leisure, it may have been, some of it, for the sake of the cause—of a lifetime to the study of snakes. In pursuit of his study, which he himself calls "ophiomania," he has visited every snake-infested country of the globe—an undertaking accomplished by no other person,

MASTER STRADLING.

probably, save a talented negro. Having in the tropics lived in constant and close companionship with serpents, it is not unnatural that at Watford he still surrounded by them.

"You surmise that the place is always heated?" says the doctor. "Gas is burning day and night. I use naked unventilated gas for warmth, and, as you can see, my reptiles are as healthy as can be. Indeed, I pride myself upon the fact that I rear and keep many delicate species which invariably die in zoological gardens and other menageries. That lizard without legs I have had for 13 years. You say you fancied you heard the gas escaping? Oh, no; that was one of the snakes hissing. He is in a bad temper at being disturbed. Just now I have a particularly good collection of boa-constrictors, but rattle snakes are my 'first love.' I am just now beginning to adopt my method of examining universally. Anything up to 12 or 14 feet I can manage single-handed, but in dealing with stock above that length I invoke the assistance of my head keeper, my little boy. A bag is of some service to restrain the movements of the body and render it amenable to control—I once got two ribs broken while manipulating a West African pythoness of 18 feet. The process is not an elegant one; with half a hundred weight of live, hot snake writhing and writhing and engirdling one, one doesn't expend much effort in keeping up appearances. With shirt sleeves rolled up and stockinged feet, I grasp the creature just behind the head and separate its jaws by gentle pressure with a silver spatula; it's more knack than force, for all snakes are exceedingly sensitive about the mouth—a light tap on the muzzle will turn the head of them. Then the assistant pops the lump of meat, dead rat, bird, or whatever the morsal may be, right in among the quivering triple rows of long, curved teeth—positively quivering and 'walking' with the agitation of anger on the mobile jaws—and I push it down to the stomach, first with a ruler, and then by sundry upward pushes with a stick from the outside, a mechanical suasion which requires to be maintained for some little time, in order to insure that the item of ailment shall remain in statu quo. In the intervals the reptile master is not idle and finds plenty of occupation in shifting the reptile's coils and disengaging various parts of me from a too close embrace. And so, to fill the beast up until he can hold no more. If we have nothing but meat, a handful of feathers, cinders or some knotted string wound round the lumps supply the want of bones and fur as far as digestion and nutrition are concerned; and under this regime of mine, which has now stood the test of years, my snakes thrive, and in condition, at least—excel. In health, beauty and strength any of those that feed themselves. I have much to learn yet, of course—perhaps, eventually, I shall cram all the meat into my hands without waiting to see whether they are willing to help themselves or not—but, anyhow, I have succeeded in saving the lives of those which display that singular disposition to suicide by total abstinence manifested by the large majority of them after capture."

LEGGINS AT $25 A PAIR.

In Great Demand by Women Who Ride Bicycles.

"I have made 60 pairs of bicycle leggins already this season, costing from $13 to $25. I have an order now for six pairs for ladies who are going soon to Europe in a party," said a dealer in such wares, who makes a specialty of women's footgear, to a New York Sun reporter. "I make boots and slippers for profess

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1895.

Largest and Best Weekly Published, and Largest Circulation!

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of rational interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 100,000

TO BEGIN NEXT WEEK.

THE FIRST OF OUR TWO NEW SERIAL STORIES.

In our issue of next week we shall begin the publication of the first of two new serial stories, which we have had written for us this summer. It is entitled:

"THE GOLDEN ROCK,"

BY ERNEST GLANVILLE,
Author of "The Lost Heiress," "The Fair Colonist," "The Fossickers," etc.

It is a story of a quite different type from our last serial, the scene opening in London, whence it is at once transferred to the sea, during the exciting times of the Brazilian rebellion; thence it changes to Southern Africa, in the strange quest for the mysterious Stone Face, from which alone can the locality of the Golden Rock be ascertained. The strange landscape of South Africa, so little known to Americans, the people, their ways and manners, and their queer methods of journeying on the frontier, are vividly given, and are absolutely true to life, for Mr. Glanville has lived there, and has reproduced the local color with absolute fidelity.

The story is one of thrilling adventure, whose interest deepens with every chapter, and we believe it will please our readers highly.

OUR AUGUST SERIAL.

Our August serial is of an entirely different order. It is a story of American life of the present day, and one which, while holding the interest of the reader through every chapter, yet has an underlying lesson which makes it beneficial and useful to every reader, young or old. It is entitled:

AN ENEMY'S WORK.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Mr. Rexford is a well-known American writer, and his writings are favorites with the great mass of intelligent readers. This story was not prepared for the general literary market, but was written expressly for The Blade, with an eye single to its vast army of readers who find in it their ideal type of family newspaper. Mr. Rexford has known The Blade for years, and was a contributor to its columns in the past. His thousands of old friends among our readers will be glad to welcome him back again.

These Two Serials.

It is an almost impossible thing to find a serial story which will please all readers. Though a large majority of readers may admire a story, there will inevitably be another class who do not care for it. Vice versa, a story that will please the latter class will not the former. We have tried, in selecting these two stories, to please ALL. "The Golden Rock," is a story of travel and adventure, of war and love, true to life and to the localities depicted; "An Enemy's Work" is an American home story, quite as interesting in its way, but on totally different lines. We know that at least one of these will please every reader, and we believe both will be eagerly and acceptably read by all the great Blade family.

THREE MONTHS' CLUBS.

After reading our announcements of features for this summer, and the liberal terms we offer for three months' clubs, can any one doubt our chances for 100,000 more subscribers before September 1? It is not for profit, but to widely circulate The Blade for the purpose of educating the people honestly on the much misunderstood silver question. Will not all our subscribers help us in this important cause by sending at least one club? In every family who takes The Blade, there is at least one member who could raise a club of ten to fifty at 10 cents in an hour or two. Try it.

RAILWAY RATES.

The most valuable thing, probably, in the annual report of the interstate commerce commission is the result of an investigation made by order of Congress, to ascertain the average charges per ton per mile for moving freight on the railways of different countries. The following table gives the average:

Great Britain	3.2 cents per mile
France	2.2 cents per mile
Germany	1.64 cents per mile
United States, 1893	.878 cents per mile
United States, 1894	.866 cents per mile

The commission also investigated the average rate per mile for passengers, with the following result:

Great Britain, first class 4.42 cents, second class 3.2, third class 1.94; France, first 3.86 cents, second 2.86, third 2.08; Germany, first 3.1 cents, second 2.32, third 1.54; United States, 1893, 2.108 cents; 1894, 1.975 cents.

This is a most interesting showing to those who believe in government ownership of railways. In France and Germany, the government owns a large share of the railways. But our rate for moving freight per ton per mile is only half that of Germany, about one-third that of France, and one-fourth that of Great Britain, while passenger rates show a similar disparity. For the benefit of those who try to take refuge behind the belief that the "French mile" and "German mile" are longer than ours, we will say that the mile meant is the common or English mile, used universally in the United States and Great Britain.

THE SALOON A PUBLIC NUISANCE.

When an apologist for the saloon is confronted by the figures showing the enormous waste of money through the existence of the saloon, such as were given in the article of last week, he very often falls back on another line of defense. He will admit that the saloon causes a fearful waste of money that could be better spent in other ways, and then goes on to argue that the saloon does not cause the drinking of liquor, but the reverse; that in order to get rid of the whisky saloon we must first get rid of the human appetite for whisky; that so long as there was a demand for the drink so long would there be a supply; and that therefore the legitimate line of temperance work is to reform men, so that they will not drink—thus killing the saloon by cutting off the demand for it.

We believe that temperance work should also go along the line of individual reformation; but let us look at the matter of the saloon existing because of the demand for liquor as a beverage. It is true that if there were no drinkers there would be no saloons; but the abolition of the saloon does not necessarily interfere with the right of people to drink. Nor would it require the destruction or even the abatement of the drink habit. No matter if there be a large number of men who drink, they have no right to establish in the public streets places or depots where they may gratify that habit at will, these places becoming—as they invariably do—public nuisances and dens of vice and crime.

A man may have the inherent right in his own house to indulge in a bad habit ad libitum; to drink whatever he sees fit and to pollute his own family if he chooses, but surely it is no restriction of personal liberty, no invasion of private rights, to say he shall not in the gratification of his appetite maintain places for that purpose on the public streets and thereby pollute the public morals and endanger the public peace. Not even one-half, not even the majority of the people of any city, have any such inherent rights.

These places are not conducive to the good order, morals, or welfare of the community, but on the contrary are confessedly putrid sores on the social body, perpetual menaces to the public peace and the good order of society. Why should the men who drink put in jeopardy the peace, the property, and the lives of those who do not drink? That is the question. Why should those who patronize the saloon, confessedly the most ignorant and vicious in the community, be permitted to maintain a business which is in plain derogation of the rights of those who do not drink or who do not patronize it?

There can be no doubt, in the mind of any unprejudiced man, that public saloons are public nuisances, and should be abolished on that ground alone, even were there no stronger argument against them. There is a lamentable lack of general interest in this great question. When the masses of the people can be roused to a realization of what the saloon really is, it will be easy to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

CLUBS COMING IN.

Notwithstanding the extreme heat of the past week, which certainly interfered with club raising, three months' clubs have been coming in as fast as we could take care of them. For next week we shall be prepared to take care of double the number, which we expect to come.

We are exceedingly pleased with the number of large clubs we have received during the past week, a number of them having 100 names and even over that. We are glad to see these early clubs, as their names will be entered in time to begin with the new seriel, "The Golden Rock" and the elementary silver discussion, both of which begin next week.

BUSHNELL THE LEADER.

The most hotly-waged campaign the Ohio Republicans have ever carried on for the nomination of a candidate for governor has ended with the selection of Gen. Asa S. Bushnell. The intensity of the contest was not over the personality of the candidate, but over what he represented. The battle was for control of the state administration and of the party organization in the state.

During the Sherman-Foraker contest for the Senatorship, Governor McKinley, then just seated for the first term, took sides with Sherman, and used the power of his administration in his behalf.

The natural effect of this was to keep the partisans of Foraker in the background. The state positions of an appointive character were chosen from the opposing forces. To use a common expression, the Foraker men were "not in it."

The legislature to be chosen next November has the duty devolving upon it of choosing an United States Senator to succeed "the business Senator from New York," Calvin S. Brice.

There is but one man considered for that position by the vast majority of the Republicans of Ohio, of course; and that man is ex-Governor Foraker. His friends among the party leaders—and their name is legion—felt that the situation demanded that the state administration should be distinctly friendly to him. Hence the effort, among the multiplicity of candidates, to nominate a man as to whose attitude there could be no doubt.

That man is General Bushnell. And he is a candidate of whom every Republican in Ohio is proud, and whom they can enthusiastically support.

He is a man of the people. Starting in life with no fortune but his talents, his energy and business acumen has placed him at the head of one of the largest manufacturing concerns in the state. He served with distinction in the Union armies. He has always been a Republican of the old guard, devoting his time and his talents to the party's welfare. He has never held office, though time and again he has been solicited to be a candidate.

He is an ideal man for the governor's chair. He will give the state a business administration. Widely known and extremely popular, he will lead the Republican hosts of Ohio to another victory as sweeping as that of two years ago. He is a man of splendid presence, pleasant in address, with a personal magnetism which attracts to him every one with whom he comes in contact. He is a born leader of men, and the Ohio Republicans will rally to him with the same enthusiasm they displayed when Foraker and McKinley were leaders in former gubernatorial campaigns.

The Boston Herald cheerily remarks that "it sounds sort of natural to hear the political pot sizzling in Ohio." It will begin to boil pretty soon, and the Democratic goose will be cooked to rags, as usual.

Why not nominate Senator Brice for governor?

SOME PRIMARY FACTS ON THE SILVER QUESTION.

Next week we propose to begin a series of elementary articles on the much-discussed silver question. These will be prefatory to our great discussion of the topic, announced elsewhere. They will be specially acceptable to those who have read "Coin's Financial School," and are worthy the careful reading of every voter and every young man soon to be a voter.

"The truth shall make you free," wrote the inspired apostle; and in these elementary articles we shall not deal with theory, but with FACTS—facts which any reader can himself ascertain to be true.

Don't forget to send for sample copies. Send us the names of all your friends who might be inclined to try The Blade three months at once, so that we may mail them the sample copies of next week's issue.

THE DEBS CASE.

The decision of the United States Supreme court in the Debs case has aroused the wrath of Governor Altgeld, of Illinois, again. He declares "the bulwark of liberty has been undermined; trial by jury has been stricken down." He asserts that this decision "marks a turning point in our history, for it establishes a new form of government never before heard of among men—that is, government by injunction."

What did the Supreme court really declare? That the government of the United States has power to invoke the aid of civil courts to remove obstructions to interstate commerce, and that the civil courts have the right to enjoin those who obstruct such commerce. It was for the contempt of court involved in the disregard of such an injunction that Debs and other officers of the American Railway Union received sentences of imprisonment. Appeal was taken from these sentences on the ground that, being inflicted without due process of indictment and trial by jury, they were in violation of the constitution. The appeal having been denied, Debs must now complete his sentence of six months in jail, and his associates their sentences of three months each.

By the strike of the American Railway Union, and the efforts of its members and its sympathizers to prevent the movement of trains, and to intimidate all who were willing to take employment of the railways, the transportation of United States mails and interstate commerce were obstructed throughout the West. The decision, in commenting upon this state of affairs, shows clearly that Debs and his associates were violating national law. It cited the arguments of their own attorneys to show that the processes of the civil law are of little avail in times of revolution. Hence the United States government was compelled to use its power to enforce the mandate of its own courts, and remove by armed force the obstructions the strikers put in the way of interstate commerce and mail transportation.

The decision settles fully—if it ever needed any settlement since the civil war—the fact that the United States government is supreme. It says:

The entire strength of the nation may be used to enforce in any part of the land the full and free exercise of all national powers and the security of all rights entrusted by the Constitution to its care.

If the emergency arises, the army of the nation and all its militia are at the service of the nation to compel obedience to its laws.

We hold that the government of the United States is one having jurisdiction over every foot of soil within its territory, and acting directly upon each citizen; that, while it is a government of enumerative powers, it has within the limits of those powers all the attributes of sovereignty.

No wrong, real or fancied, carries with it legal warrant to invite, as a means of redress, the cooperation of a mob, with its accompanying acts of violence.

The last paragraph of the above deals a death-blow to the theory that a labor organization may by violence attempt to secure its ends. The decision further points out that any laborer or any number of laborers have the unquestioned right to quit work, but that they have no right to use violence in any form to achieve whatever they may have in view. The words of the decision are moderate in tone, but they declare unequivocally the principle that mob violence can never have the sanction of law. Read this:

A most earnest and eloquent appeal was made to us in eulogy of the heroic spirit of those who threw up their employment and gave up their means of earning a livelihood, not in defence of their own rights, but in sympathy for and to assist others whom they believed to be wronged. We yield to none in our admiration of any act of heroism or self-sacrifice, but we may be permitted to add that it is a lesson which cannot be learned too soon or too thoroughly, that under this government of and by the people the means of redress of all wrong are through the courts and the ballot-box, and that no wrong, real or fancied, carries with it legal warrant to invite, as a means of redress, the cooperation of a mob, with its accompanying acts of violence.

Not less emphatic is the decision in its remarks upon the control of interstate commerce. It points out that because an emergency has never before arisen requiring the general government to assert its jurisdiction over interstate commerce on railways, it does not follow that it did not always possess that power. The court goes on to say:

Up to a recent date, commerce—both interstate and international—was mainly by water, and it is not strange that both the legislation of Congress and the cases in the courts have been concerned principally therewith. The fact that in recent years interstate commerce has come mainly to be carried on by railroad and over artificial highways has in no manner narrowed the scope of the constitutional provision or abridged the power of Congress over such commerce. On the contrary, the same fulness of control exists in one case as in the other and the same power to remove obstructions from the one as from the other.

The decision puts an end to strikes on railways which traverse more than one state, for it is not to be supposed that a railway will allow its traffic to be paralyzed indefinitely by mob violence when a proper application to a federal court will bring the power of the United States to break the deadlock and punish the leaders of the mob.

SPECIMEN COPIES.

We desire to send specimen copies of the Weekly Blade to thousands who are not regular subscribers. We want everybody to know the special features announced for publication this summer, as well as the low price we make for clubs. Will our readers please send us addresses of their friends to whom we can mail sample copies? And we desire especially those who want to raise clubs, to write us for all the specimens they need.

Valkyrie III was launched without the customary breaking of a bottle. Old salts will at once declare her to be hoodooed.

General Bushnell is for Foraker for the Senate and McKinley for the White House.

THE BALTIC CANAL.

The formal opening of the Baltic canal by the German Emperor on the 18th of this month will be an affair of international importance. All the great powers, France included, will send ships. It should be noticed, as a sign of the times, that the lion and the lamb will lie down together, and that the new canal is evidently wide enough and deep enough to drown the memory of Alsace and Lorraine.

A glance at the map of Europe instantly shows the immense utility of a water-way across the Schleswig-Holstein peninsula. The Baltic canal, therefore, by obviating the long and often stormy passage around Denmark, will not only advance commercial interests, but is of much strategic importance to Germany, affording her war-ships a passage from sea to sea, without going through foreign waters. The canal, which is on a level with the sea, is wide enough in places to allow ironclads of 10,000 tonnage to pass each other. It extends from Kiel, on the Baltic, to Brunsbuttel, on the North Sea, a distance of about sixty miles, and was begun in 1887. It is 210 feet wide at the water-surface, and 30 feet deep. It is estimated that 18,000 ships a year will pass through it.

The building of canals is as old as civilization. China has one 825 miles long, built in the seventh and ninth centuries. Besides this and the famous Suez canal, the Old World has several great artificial waterways; notably, the North Holland canal, connecting Amsterdam with the Helder; the Languedoc, connecting the Mediterranean sea with the Atlantic ocean, and the great Manchester ship canal, opened in 1894, which extends from the Mersey (near Liverpool) to Manchester. The Languedoc canal is 148 miles long, and in places 600 feet above sea level.

There is a general revival of interest in ship canals, which has naturally followed the success of the Suez enterprise. On this side of the Atlantic we are preparing to build the Nicaraguan canal; the great Chicago Drainage channel, which is really a ship canal, will eventually connect Lake Michigan with the Mississippi river; and several other canal plans are under discussion, notably that of one across Ohio from Lake Erie to the Ohio river, and one across New York from the lakes to the Hudson.

"THE GARDEN OF EDEN."

We have had a great many calls from subscribers for this Blade serial story in book form. The author has just had it published, and those of our subscribers who desire it will remit 50 cents for the paper-covered edition, and $1 for the cloth-bound volume. It will be sent postpaid.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Twenty-seven years ago Gen. John A. Logan, the "Black Eagle" of Illinois, gave Memorial day its national character. He was at that time commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, and in that capacity issued an order for the observance of the day by posts of the organization all over the Union. The day dropped its local character and irregular observance, and speedily became a national holiday. There are many among the survivors of the Union armies and their friends who protest against the gradual change which is coming over the character of its observance by the people. Originally it was a day of sadness, recalling the tens of thousands of fallen brave, who sleep sweetly in "the low green tents whose curtains never outward swing." But gradually it has taken, year by year, the character of a day of rest and relaxation, with the sports and pastimes of an annual holiday.

It was inevitable that it should be so. A new generation has come up since the war closed. To them it is but history. They have not that keen personal interest in the mighty struggle which is felt by those who endured the stress of those times which tried men's souls. And then mankind is disinclined to observe set days as occasions of mourning, no matter how worthy such an observance might be. And Memorial day is becoming more a day of glad remembrance of the mighty work the soldiers of the Union accomplished than one of sorrow for the loss of those who died in the line of duty, heroes and martyrs in a righteous cause.

AFTER NINE MONTHS.

The Wilson tariff law has ended its ninth month of probation. It has now passed through the two busy periods of the season, the spring importations and the fall importations. It has also had the advantage of the excessive importations natural to the opening weeks of its existence, and to the opening weeks of the operations of the woolen schedule. Naturally every importer held back his foreign goods until the new law should go into effect, so as to get the benefit of the reductions. The result is, that the law in its first nine months has had more than a fair show; its operations have been in excess of the normal. Yet the nine months result in a deficit of $56,713,950, against a surplus of $16,152,564 which the much berated McKinley law produced in the first nine months of its operations. The deficiency during May was $2,646,904. That of last month was $8,642,840, that of preceding months ranging from less than $1,000,000 up to over $13,000,000. But it has always been a deficit. In not a single month since the new law went into effect has it shown a balance on the right side of the ledger, at the end of the month. Indeed, it may be said of it, that

There never was a minute,
When the Wilson law was in it.

Treaties have just been made between Honduras and Nicaragua which are regarded as the first practical step toward the formation of a Central-American union of the republics of Nicaragua, Honduras, Guatemala, Salvador and Costa Rica. All hail to the coming United States of Central America!

The anti-Brice Democrats want Jimmy Campbell for a Senatorial candidate. Mr. Brice is quite anxious for Mr. Campbell to be the Democratic candidate for governor, and as Mr. Brice is boss of the party in Ohio he will probably have things his own way.

There is every reason to believe that the troubles in Formosa, and the row in government circles in Pekin, are due to Russian intrigue. It seems as though the Oriental question is by no means settled by the end of the war between China and Japan.

The Democratic newspapers are trying to make themselves believe McKinley is out of the Presidential race; but the Republican party will look after Mr. McKinley.

General Bushnell has been interviewed, and says he is for McKinley for President. Of course he is; so is every other good Ohio Republican.

Politicians believe the harmony route was through the stomach.

TOM CARTER TALKING AGAIN.

Senator Thomas Henry Carter, of Montana, chairman of the national Republican committee, was one of the guests at the famous "harmony dinner" given by Chauncey M. Depew on the evening of May 29. That festive occasion was so named by Mr. Depew himself, as Harrison, McKinley and Morton, all possible Presidential quantities, were the guests of honor. It was a natural supposition that something might have occurred on that occasion with regard to the Republican nomination next year, and so the newspaper men tackled Mr. Carter, believing him the most likely to reveal the fact, were anything notable reached in the way of an agreement.

From what he said, it is entirely probable that the gentlement present were in substantial agreement as to the issues of the campaign of 1896, and the policy to be followed by the Republican party. Of course there could be no agreement as to a candidate among three gentlemen, all of whom have their lightning-rods up. The issues, according to Mr. Carter, upon which the Republican party will appeal to the country for a restoration to full power in the nation are: protection, reciprocity, whatever is possible as to silver, and a vigorous foreign policy along Blaine lines.

As to the tariff issue, Mr. Carter says that while there may be differences of opinion among Republicans as to schedules, there are none on the principle of protection. The people have had a trial of a modified form of free trade, and are anxious to have the protective policy restored.

There are, he says, differences of opinion as to the best course to secure bimetallism, yet he thinks the party desires that result, and will take such ground. Mr. Carter is a 16 to 1 silver man, and his extremely moderate utterance shows that his extreme views are not shared by the gentlemen present at the Depew festivities.

As to reciprocity, he says there can be no doubt there will be, under a Republican administration, the restoration of a vigorous and thoroughly American policy. During 1891 and 1892 our products and merchandise "entered every port in Christendom unburdened by unjust discriminations, and to the extent that reciprocity had been negotiated, our merchantmen entered foreign ports under arrangements especially favorable." Every Republican will heartily agree with him in this.

But the most notable statement made by Mr. Carter was that regarding the foreign policy which the Republican party will favor in 1896. His statement is asgumed to reflect the consensus of opinion of the three Presidential aspirants at the Depew dinner, and hence takes on an importance which it would not have if it were merely the personal statement of Mr. Carter's views. He said:

The Monroe doctrine must be rescued from the domain of sentiment and utilized and developed into a living, actual governmental policy. We owe it to civilization to discharge the duties as a nation, which our advancement in science, art, literature and government devolve upon us.

The press and people of the country will demand that the vigorous and enlightened American policy inaugurated between 1889 and 1893 be restored.

The navy must be increased, the merchant marine re-established, the Nicaraguan canal constructed, and Hawaii brought under the jurisdiction of the United States, and coaling stations acquired wherever practicable between the Pacific coast by way of Cape Horn around to Halifax.

The trade of South America will, under the inspiration of such a policy, be largely directed to this country, to the mutual advantage of our own people and the people of South America.

I am persuaded that the Republican national convention will pledge the party anew and with great earnestness and force to this line of foreign policy. The people demand it. They are conscious of their strength, and they realize that this republic can no longer be referred to merely as a country. They know that it has become, and is, a nation.

Well, the programme is a good one—an American one, whether it be Senator Carter's own, or really represents the views of Messrs. McKinley, Harrison and Morton. It is Republican, and no Republican voter will object to it.

A SILLY ATTACK ON BLOOMERS.

A Chicago alderman has introduced an ordinance which prohibits female bicyclists from wearing bloomers, knickerbockers, or other bifurcated outer garments.

The aforesaid Chicago alderman is a fool. The costume of women, like that of men, is regulated by custom, not by law.

Furthermore, we do not believe that any city council, or even any state legislature, has the right to make an enactment of the kind contemplated in this ordinance.

The object of clothing is twofold; to afford protection to the body, and to conserve proper modesty. For a woman to appear in public without any clothing, or wearing but a semblance thereof—tights or fleshings, for instance—would be repugnant to the moral sense of the community, and hence could properly be restrained.

But this objection cannot lie against bloomers, knickerbockers, or whatever else the skirtless nether garment of the woman bicyclist may be called. It is a complete covering to the person, and reveals even less of the outlines of the form than some styles of dress-skirts which have been the fashion.

Nor can it be said with truth that it is the adoption of male costume. There is no possibility of mistaking a woman riding in bloomers for a man. The costume is entirely distinctive. It is a costume for a special occasion or occupation, and it is foolish to claim that a woman so dressed is masquerading in man's attire.

Finally, brethren, it is better to let the women do as they please in this matter, for they will do so anyhow, ordinance or no ordinance. Besides, such a prohibition is a clear infringement of personal liberty, and not to be tolerated by a free people.

We note that some of our contemporaries err in supposing that the President must fill the vacancy caused by Secretary Gresham's death within ten days. The law formerly limited the duration of a temporary appointment in such cases to ten days, but the President may now designate Mr. Uhl to act as secretary of state for thirty days at most. That is what President Harison did after Secretary Blaine's resignation. Mr. Wharton acted under this designation as secretary of state for the full legal period, and Secretary Foster was not appointed until the last of the thirty days.

A prominent figure in the meeting of the National League of Republican clubs at Cleveland will be Hon. H. Clay Evans, of Tennessee. The Democratic legislature of that state can cheat him out of the governorship, but it cannot keep from him the esteem and good wishes of the Republican party.

There is no doubt that the worries of office were a factor in bringing Secretary Gresham's ill [illegible] to a fatal termination.

THE GREAT SILVER QUESTION.

It needs no prophet to tell the readers of The Blade that the silver question is now the one issue of most absorbing interest to the American people. It is not too much to say that unless there is a decided change in public sentiment—which is very unlikely indeed—the Presidential campaign of next year will be decided on this issue.

The question must be settled.

It must be settled right.

We all know that sometimes a theory is very attractive, yet when put in practice it fails utterly. Did any voter who felt impelled in 1892 to vote for Cleveland and free trade imagine that the brilliant theory would prove to be the means of bringing the two years of distress and hard times from which we are now slowly emerging?

So, when we say the silver question must be settled right, we mean that it must be settled in the interest of the welfare and prosperity of the whole people.

As it is to be settled by the votes of the people, it is an absolute necessity that the voters shall understand the question—shall study both sides—shall weigh carefully the arguments pro and con—so that they may vote intelligently, and with a full understanding of what the results will be.

Is not this the correct view?

The Blade proposes to devote considerable space during the summer, beginning within a few weeks, to the discussion of this burning question in a broad, fair-minded spirit. We shall make The Blade's columns a forum in which the leaders of both sides shall state the case from their standpoint, and present their arguments.

We are now arranging for a series of papers, by leading publicists, statesmen and leaders on both sides of the silver question, all men of national reputation, each of whom will present, in plain language for plain people, his views on this burning question.

We have by no means completed our list, but are able this week to announce that the following gentlemen have consented to prepare articles on this subject for The Blade:

HON. WM. L. STRONG, of New York City, the Republican reform mayor of that metropolis—who is an Ohio man, of course.
HON. CHARLES S. FAIRCHILD, Secretary of the Treasury during Cleveland's first administration.
MR. WALTER H. PAGE, editor of the Forum, the leading monthly review of America.
MR. EDWARD ATKINSON, whose fame as an authority on economic topics extends to two continents.
MR. HORACE WHITE, of New York, the well known political economist.
MR. DON OLCOTT, editor of the New York Journal of Commerce, the leading commercial journal of the United States.

As we said above, these names are but a beginning. We hope by next week to add other distinguished names to the list, for we shall make this series of articles notable all over the Union.

We are now arranging for a series of plain, clear papers, prepared by the

LEADERS OF BOTH SIDES,

which will set forth both sides as forcibly and plainly as possible. We shall have papers by statesmen known all over the United States, men of national reputation.

We shall also discuss these papers editorially as they appear, and state what we believe to be the correct view.

Nothing like this series will appear in any other newspaper. It will be the most valuable discussion of the question which has yet appeared.

We shall soon make a full announcement of the papers, and give the names of the writers.

"Coin's Financial School."

The little book under the above title is having a phenomenal run. It presents the "free silver" side of the controversy. Many of its readers believe its every statement; many others doubt, and desire more light upon various points.

We have simply been deluged with letters asking all kinds of questions about "Coin." We propose to take the little book up, chapter by chapter, give light on the points inquired about, and adding matter which will complete the argument of the book in much fuller form than probably could be done without making the book too large.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

"This hasn't a sign of clam in it," said the guest who had ordered clam chowder. "It's a swindle; that's what it is."

"Excuse me, sir," responded the waiter, who is too good for the business, "but we only undertake to serve a chowder; not an aquarium."—Life.

The green apple is always ripe for business.—Philadelphia Record.

At the opera—Was he warmly received?

Warmly? Why they had to ring down the asbestos curtain.—Detroit Tribune.

"She has such a quiet costume."

"But only a moment ago you said it was a symphony in color."—Detroit Tribune.

The young woman who wins a man's bicycle in a raffle is in doubt whether to trade, wear bloomers, or get married.—Denver News.

Dashaway—I had no idea that your family was such an old one.

Traveler (proudly)—I should say it was. Why, old man, we have some bills dating back four generations.—Boston Herald.

"Mike," said Plodding Pete, who had been reading from a stray scrap of paper, "what does 'dernier resort' mean?"

Meandering Mike looked at him with the supercilious contempt of superior knowledge and replied, "Work."—Washington Star.

"When I made my first appearance as a public reader," said Borus, "the papers fairly went wild over me. Now they don't notice me at all. They are not treating me fairly."

"If you want them to go wild over you again," suggested Naggus, "announce your last appearance as a public reader."—Chicago Tribune.

Miss Corncorner—What is the exact meaning of chic?

Miss Cattleranch—Chic is short for Chicagoan.—Puck.

"And your husband isn't angry because you want to go to the country two months?"

"Not at all—he is really glad.

"'Then I wouldn't go.'"—Fliegende Blatter.

Jessie (reading)—"And the forest aisles re-echoed as the hunter wound his horn." That's funny. How could he wind a horn?

Willy—Oh, you don't know nothin'! Did you never see a wind up the music box?

EUROPEANS IN AMERICA.

Chicago has 160,000 people of German birth.

The Germans number 3,000,000 of our population.

Poland has furnished us with 147,000 immigrants.

The Italians lead the foreign element in only one city—New Orleans.

Italy and Russia have each furnished about 182,000 emigrants to America.

Over 28 per cent of all our foreign immigration has come from Germany.

The average sum brought by the foreign immigrant to our shores is less than $100.

In Massachusetts the foreigners and their children constitute 6 per cent of the entire poulation.

In Cincinnati and Milwaukee about 69 per cent of all the foreign population are of German birth.

Of the potential voting strength of this country 12,000,000 are of native and 4,000,000 of foreign birth.

Over 96 per cent of the immigrants who come to this country settle in the North, West and Northwest.

Chicago has only 20 per cent of its population of native birth, the rest being foreigners or their children.

The Germans outnumber all other foreign elements in the states of Ohio, Indiana, Wisconsin and Missouri.

The percentage of foreign to native population in 1850 was 9 per cent; in 1890 it had increased to 14 per cent.

Milwaukee is really a foreign city, only 13 per cent of its population being native-born of American parentage.

In 1890 the 28 largest cities of this country had a population of 9,000,000, of which a little over 3,000,000 were foreigners.

The poulation of this country at the last census was, in round numbers, about 62,000,000, of which 9,000,000 were foreigners.

Over one-third of the 15,000,000 immigrants who have come to this country since immigration statistics were collected by our government, came during the ten years between 1880 and 1890.

France has furnished fewer immigrants to the United States than any other large nation of Europe. During the ten years preceding 1890 only about 50,000 persons left France for this country.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

The collection of old lace belonging to the Princess of Wales is worth $150,000.

The Shah of Persia has a pipe valued at $220,000. This is the most costly smoker on record.

Only five different speakers have presided over the House of Commons during the long reign of Queen Victoria.

Hiram S. Maxim, the inventor, says that New Englanders are the best mechanics in the world, and that the French are the best mechanics in Europe.

M. Guzman, a musical enthusiast, has left 50,000 francs to the city of Paris to pay for musical entertainments for the sick poor in hospitals and asylums.

M. Jules Verne, though in his 67th year, works for five or six hours a day. He is now engaged upon a story for 1897, but he has five manuscripts ready for the printers.

It is hinted by Le Figaro that Sardou's Rabagas, which was suppressed as being an attack upon Gambetta, is to be given at the Paris Ambigue, with Coquelin in the title role.

The Emperor William has requested Professor Lindner to write a popular history of the war of 1870. He wishes to have it ready for publication on Sedan day, next September.

August Strindberg, the famous Swedish novelist, is said to be hopelessly ill in Paris. Despite his former large income, he is also reported to be poverty-stricken and dependent upon his relatives in Copenhagen.

PURELY PERSONAL.

King Humbert of Italy is an expert cook. He can manipulate a grill and manage a menu as well as any of his chefs.

Jaes WYhitcomb Riley is writing a novel on Hoosier life. He has refused all platform engagements for next season.

Grant Allen, when thinking out a new idea for a novel, takes long solitary walks day after day, working out the plot. He does not read other people's fiction.

John A. Bingham, who was one of the prosecutors of President Johnson and afterward Grant's minister to Japan, is living at Cadiz, O., at the age of 80.

Mme. Dessin, who died at Calais France, recently, was famous as the landlady of the Hotel Dessin where Laurence Sterne wrote his "Sentimental Journey."

T. C. Bulla, for seven years clerk in the Record and Pension office at Washington, has resigned to become the pastor of a Methodist church at Roanoke, Virginia.

Mr. Labouchere never attempts any flights of eloquence when addressing the house of commons. He considers that a friendly, colloquial style is more effective.

The king of Dahomey was educated in France and speaks French fluently. The story goes that he became a savage because of certain disappointments in a love affair.

The death of Cardinal Desprez, Archbishop of Toulouse, leaves the Catholic church with but 60 cardinals, of whom 33 are Italians and the remaining 27 of other nationalities.

Colonel Cockerill says that ex-Minister Foster has about given up hope of being able to accomplish anything in return for the big salary which the Chinese government is paying him.

It may not be generally known that Archdeacon Farrar, of Westminster, who has just been appointed Dean of Canterbury, has been, since 1890, the chaplain of the House of Commons.

On the battlefield of Worth the monument to Emperor Frederick III. will be unveiled by Emperor William on his father's birthday, Oct. 18. The Empress Frederick and most of the German sovereigns will be present.

Leonard T. Metcalf, of Boston, has been engaged to take the chair of professor of mathematics at the Massachusetts State College in place of Prof. C. D. Warren, resigned. Mr. Metcalf is a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and is at present superintending the construction of the Nashville (Tenn.) city viaduct.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Miss Lizzie Buckwalter, of West Lebanon, O., is defendant in slander suits aggregating $114,000.

Poultney Bigelow is the first American to be elected a member of the London Council of the Royal Society of Literature.

Senator Allison is emphatic in his denial of having a Presidential bee buzzing in his bonnet. He will be content to be re-elected to the Senate.

Jules Verne, though in his 67th year, works for five or six hours a day. He is now engaged upon a story for 1897, but he has five manuscripts ready for the printer.

Charlemagne made a law punishing with death a man who should insult or beat his mother, and with imprisonment and stripes the son who should neglect to provide for her who had brought him into the world.

Dr. James G. Forteus, known during the rebellion as the "Fighting Surgeon," died last Saturday at Poughkeepsie, where he was a leading physician. During the war Dr. Forteus was Assistant Surgeon of the 115th Regiment, New York Volunteers.

Wm. E. Gladstone continues to be an omnivorous reader. Hardly a new book of any importance comes out in England that he is not one of its earliest perusers. If he is especially pleased with the book he is very apt to send a complimentary letter to the author.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Gen. G. M. Mitchell, of Charleston, Ill., died suddenly Friday, while at work in his garden.

President Cleveland will officially attend the opening of the Harlem ship canal on June 17.

The board of education of Seattle has ordered all the schools closed on account of the prevalence of scarlet fever.

Rev. A. M. Goss, Saratoga, N. Y., expelled by the Methodist conference, has been triumphantly vindicated by the judicial conference.

The Commonwealth Fire Insurance company, of Boston, is in the hands of a receiver.

The monument erected to the memory of the late Jeremiah M. Rusk, president Harrison's secretary of agriculture, at Viroqua, was dedicated Thursday.

A cyclone one mile wide struck near Chapman, Neb., Thursday, killing Mrs. A. Ballor was blown to pieces, instantly injuring Mrs. Ballor and two children.

Andrew J. Williams who carried the chain in the surveying party which surveyed the site of Denver and who built the first store there died Thursday after a short illness.

Joseph C Barlow, Quincy, Ill., stove manufacturer, died Thursday. He was a great inventor and prominent in the manufacturing world and was a nephew of Stephen A. Douglass.

Judge Speer in Macon, Ga., has decided that the U. S. marshals who killed Lucius Williams in Telfair county can not be sent back to that county for trial. The decision turns the marshals free.

Lewis Hall, a Marshalltown, Ia., physician shot his wife through the head with a revolver Thursday night and died five hours later. Hall claims he mistook her for a burglar but wife murder is suspected.

Fire at Henderson, Ky., destroyed the Hodge Tobacco factory and the Ingram stemmery. Loss on factory and tobacco, $60,000; loss on stemmery and tobacco, $50,000; insurance on both plants between $30,000 and $50,000.

Mrs. J. Hackett Towns, better known as Mabel Benson Bellew, actress and authoress, attempted to end her life at Chicago Wednesday night. With a razor she slashed her throat, and was found unconscious lying across the bed in her room.

A battle occurred on Straight Creek, Ky., in which John Helton was killed and Jim Belcher and Charles Johnson were badly wounded. Those on the Helton side were George Taylor, Wilson Taylor, George Arnott and a woman named Sarah Griffith who can handle a Winchester with the best of men. The battle grew out of a series of law suits over the possession of some property.

McLean county, Ill., Democrats selected delegates to the Springfield convention. Instructed for free coinage 8 to 1. This is the home of Vice President Stevenson.

The Wheatland Iron Co., Pittsburg, has filed a suit here against James A. Friend to compel him to account for $50,000 handled by him while he was general manager of the works at Wheatland, Mercer county.

The stock commission house of C. W. Cockerell, Lincoln, Neb., closed its doors Wednesday and a number of Lincoln speculators are mourning the loss of $15,000 in the aggregate.

The president has granted Thomas St. Clair, San Francisco, a respite until October 18. He was condemned to be hanged on Friday for the murder.

The right Rev. Frank R. Millspaugh, of Grace Cathedral, Topeka, Kas., has been elected bishop of the Episcopal diocese of Kansas to succeed the late Bishop Thomas.

The opposition newspapers of Rome refuse to acknowledge the victory of the government in the

The Weekly Blade Three Months

Only Ten Cents!

In Clubs of Ten or More Names at a Time.

With Valuable Premium for Each Ten Names,

And Ten Grand Prizes Besides!

Read the Following---The Best Offer The Blade Ever Made:

Referring to the several announcements on the fourth page of this paper, of our intention for special educational matter on the silver question, presented in a plain way for plain people, we think every reader of the Toledo Weekly Blade will agree with us that we should have at least a quarter of a million additional readers during the next few months.

And we are determined that the Blade shall have the largest circulation it ever had in its history. Not for a matter of profit, but for the general good of the public. At the price we announce we will not be paid for the white paper, postage and labor, but we shall at least make the Blade well talked about in every county and village of the whole Union.

Our plans this summer contemplate the publication of matter which will be of absorbing interest to every voter in the United States. Every one must have HONEST information on the silver issue previous to the great Presidential campaign next year. We believe we can set forth this subject in such a manner that the busiest person may become perfectly familiar with the entire subject, so that he will understand which side he should take when the question comes up for decision in the next political campaign. On the fourth page we have clearly stated our intentions on this matter.

Besides this, we shall publish a very interesting family newspaper, with one or two serial stories, and lots of other interesting and useful matter for all members of every family.

Now we propose to offer the Weekly Blade, in clubs of ten or more at a time, for only

Ten Cents for Three Months.

This offer is made during the months of June, July and August only. For every ten names sent us, we shall give the sender of the club a 25-cent book, such as he may select from the list given elsewhere.

We want every reader of The Blade, every person who receives a sample copy of it, and every person who may otherwise receive from us this announcement, to do what they can toward sending us clubs from their respective localities.

There is no postoffice in the United States so small but can send in at least one club of ten names. An ordinary village or thrifty town can supply dozens of such clubs, while large towns can send in names by the hundred.

We desire all clubs made up of at least ten names; but should the club run larger, a book will be sent for each multiple of ten. Whoever sends a club of sixty names, for instance, can select six books from the list, and so on.

You see it will therefore be possible, during the three summer months, to obtain nearly, or quite all, the sixty-odd books we announce. It will be observed, we pay for these clubs as fast as they are sent us, by mailing one book for each ten names. We allow no cash commission, and ten cents net must be sent for each name.

Remittances must be made in current funds. Do not send postage stamps or checks on country banks. Send a draft on New York, Chicago or Toledo, or postoffice order or express order or currency by registered mail.

In addition to the above premiums we offer for these clubs, we will also give

Ten Grand Prizes

To be awarded at the close of the summer season, which will be on September 1, to the ten persons who send us the largest number of subscribers during June, July and August.

1.—ONE BLADE SEWING MACHINE to the person sending the largest list of names during the summer. Price, $18.

2.—ONE BLADE SEWING MACHINE to the person sending us the second largest list. Price, $18.

3.—ONE BLADE SEWING MACHINE to the person sending us the third largest list. Price, $18.

4.—ONE HUNTING CASED GOLD WATCH (described as No. 1 in the Blade's Watch list), Elgin or Waltham movement, to the person sending us the fourth largest list. Price, $15.75.

5.—ONE HUNTING CASED GOLD WATCH (described as No. 1 in the Blade's Watch list), Elgin or Waltham movement, to the person sending us the fifth largest list. Price, $15.75.

6.—ONE HUNTING CASED GOLD WATCH (described as No. 1 in the Blade's Watch list), Elgin or Waltham movement, to the person sending us the sixth largest list. Price, $15.75.

7.—ONE BLADE DECORATED DINNER SET, 108 pieces, to the person sending us the seventh largest list. Price, $9.25.

8.—ONE BLADE DECORATED DINNER SET, 108 pieces, to the person sending us the eighth largest list. Price, $9.25.

9.—ONE BLADE DECORATED DINNER SET, 108 pieces, to the person sending us the ninth largest list. Price, $9.25.

10.—ONE BLADE DECORATED DINNER SET, 108 pieces, to the person sending us the tenth largest list. Price, $9.25.

Number Your Names Consecutively.

Be sure and number the names consecutively, from No. 1 on your first club, down to the total number in your last club, so that we can tell at a glance, on September 1, how many names you have sent during the summer.

You see you will get your pay in books, as you go along, for all the names you send us; and besides you also stand the chance of getting one of these prizes. Hence the importance of numbering the names as you send them in.

With each club that you send, we want one of our coupons inclosed, as an evidence that you are entitled to the book premium. Those who receive our postal card announcement, may return the postal card with their first club. With all subsequent clubs be sure to inclose a coupon, which will be found at the end of this advertisement. This is important, in order to insure the mailing of your premium book.

You will find it easy work and full of exciting interest, to take names for the Blade at 10 cents. Some member of every family can find time for this work, and in getting out for a club of 10 you will be surprised to see that 40 or 50 names can easily be obtained in a few hours.

Sample Copies.

Send for all the sample copies of The Blade that you want for this work. Send us the names and addresses of all your friends, and we will cheerfully mail them sample copies.

We want everybody, men of all parties, to read The Blade this summer. How many scores of names can be obtained in your town? Drop us a postal card and tell us what you think can be done in your neighborhood. We would like to hear from everybody their ideas of the success of this offer in their neighborhood.

We suggest that you send, within a week, the first club of 10 to 20 names, and afterward follow the matter with at least one club every week during June, July and August.

Address all letters,

THE BLADE,
TOLEDO, O.

CUT THIS OUT AND INCLOSE WITH YOUR CLUB.

Toledo Weekly Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

Good for a choice of One Book for EACH TEN NAMES.

BOOK PREMIUMS FOR THREE MONTHS' CLUBS.

As announced elsewhere, for every ten three months' subscribers sent us between now and September 1, we will mail a choice of the following list of books. They are not trashy cheap books, but printed with large size type on good paper, substantially bound in enameled paper covers. Furthermore, they are all of a high grade of literature. We first offer "The Nasby Letters" so long as our stock lasts. We have but a few hundred copies left. Or, the choice of any of the following 67 books. Name your selections when you send your clubs, and books will be immediately forwarded postpaid by mail.

1.—The Reveries of a Bachelor, or, A Book of the Heart, by Ik. Marvel (Donald G. Mitchell).
2.—Lays of Ancient Rome, by Lord Macaulay.
3.—A Tillyloss Scandal, by J. M. Barrie.
4.—The House of the Seven Gables, by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
5.—Cranford, by Mrs. Gaskell.
6.—The Coming Race, by Lord Lytton.
7.—Dream Life, by Ik. Marvel (Donald G. Mitchell).
8.—Frankenstein; or the Modern Prometheus. Mrs. Shelley.
9.—A Book of Golden Deeds, by C. M. Yonge.
10.—Mosses from an Old Manse, by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
11.—The Scarlet Letter, by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
12.—Essays of Elia, by Charles Lamb.
13.—Vicar of Wakefield, by Oliver Goldsmith.
14.—Twice-Told Tales, by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
15.—Paul and Virginia, by Bernardin de Saint Pierre.
16.—Story of an African Farm, by Olive Schreiner.
17.—Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers, by Wm. E. Aytoun.
18.—Lucile, by Owen Meredith.
19.—Dreams, by Olive Schreiner.
20.—Black Beauty, by Anna Sewell.
21.—One of the Profession. White.
22.—Sartor Resartus, by Thomas Carlyle
23.—The Idyils of the King, by the late Lord Tennyson.
24.—The Pleasures of Life, by Sir J. Lubbock, Bart.
25.—The Lady of the Lake, by Sir Walter Scott.
26.—Mornings in Florence, by John Ruskin, LL. D.
27.—Rab and his Friends, by Dr. John Brown.
28.—Whittier's Poems, by J. Greenleaf Whittier.
29.—The Greatest Thing in the World and Other Addresses, by Prof. Henry Drummond.
30.—Lalla Rookh, by Thomas Moore.
31.—Longfellow's Poems.
32.—In Memoriam, by Alfred Lord Tennyson.
33.—The Princess, by Alfred Lord Tennyson.
34.—Rasselas, by Samuel Johnson.
35.—Selections from Robert Browning.
36.—Past and Present, by Thomas Carlyle.
37.—Meditations of Marcus Aurelius Antonius.
38.—Heroes and Hero Worship, by Thos. Carlyle.
39.—Tales from Shakespeare, by Charles Lamb. First Series.
40.—Tales from Shakespeare, by Charles Lamb. Second Series.
41.—Sesame and Lilies, by John Ruskin, LL. D.
42.—Queen of the Air, by John Ruskin.
43.—Premium Cook Book, by Marian Harland and Others.
44.—The Mill on the Floss. Part 1, by George Eliot.
45.—The Mill on the Floss. Part 2, by George Eliot.
46.—Romola. Part 1, by George Eliot.
47.—Romola. Part 2, by George Eliot.
48.—Lowell's Poems, by James Russell Lowell.
49.—Emerson's Essays. First Series, by Ralph Waldo Emerson.
50.—Emerson's Essays. Second Series, by Ralph Waldo Emerson.
51.—Ethics of the Dust. John Ruskin.
52.—Poems of Edgar Allan Poe.
53.—Lorna Doone. Part 1, by R. D. Blackmore.
54.—Lorna Doone. Part 2, by R. D. Blackmore.
55.—The Light of Asia, by Arnold.
56.—Last Essays of Elia, by C. Lamb.
57.—Vanity Fair. Part 1, by Thackeray.
58.—Vanity Fair. Part 2, by Thackeray.
59.—Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, by Lord Byron.
60.—The Wide, Wide World. Part 1, by Susan Warner.
61.—The Wide, Wide World. Part 2, by Susan Warner.
62.—Crown of Wild Olive, by Ruskin.
63.—John Halifax. Part 1, by Mulock.
64.—John Halifax. Part 2, by Mulock.
65.—Uncle Tom's Cabin. Part 1, by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.
66.—Uncle Tom's Cabin. Part 2, by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.
67.—Discourses of Epictetus, with Notes translated by George Long.

Publishers' Column.

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers of The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember,) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons and forks, made of a composition known as nickel silver, which so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived. It is indestructible does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons	$1 25
½ dozen teaspoons	80
1 dozen tablespoons or forks	2 35
½ dozen tablespoons or forks	1 35
1 dozen desert spoons or forks	2 00
½ dozen dessert spoons or forks	1 00
½ dozen table knives	2 25
dozen table knives	4 25

These are made in only the one pattern. They are not sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

Rather Cute.

Georgie Bollman, the three-year-old daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Bollman, was recently caught in some mischief which her mother had particularly warned her about previously. While her mother was getting up the required amount of hard-heartedness to whip the little tot she said: "Mamma, don't you think we had better have a short prayer?"—Lakota (N. D.) Herald.

THE SUMMER MAN.

WHAT HE SHOULD WEAR AND SHOULD NOT.

The Proper Thing in Collars, Hats and Shoes.

The summer man of 1895 will be a very sensible looking person if he conforms strictly with the rulings of fashion. It may seem a little bit early to talk of what a young man should wear in the heated term, whether he be in the city or off enjoying the delights of a summer-time vacation, but when it is remembered that the men who actually make the fashions decided last

WILL BE A POPULAR STYLE.

winter what the proper summer caper would be, and the great factories for months have been turning out the necessary material for those fashions, it is certainly time that the public should know what it is going to wear.

Beginning at the top, the right kind of a summer man will wear a straw hat with a brim three inches wide and a crown three inches high. Fancifully colored ribbons will bind it if the wearer is at all gay in his attire, and if he wishes to be particularly proper he will have six or eight or these ribbons, all different in color ,and which will be worn on different days. The Homburg or Alpine hat in pearl color will again be worn, trimmed as before, in ribbons of the same color or of black. The summer derby will be a slight exaggeration of the spring affair, with the brim a trifle flatter and wider, and the crown fuller.

Next on the list is the collar, which is always a matter of acute interest to the ambitious man of fashion. The turndown collar will be quite an exaggerated affair, and will be as high in front as the standing collar. The overlaps in front will measure four and three-quarter inches, while the average high collar is only two and one-half inches high. As shown by the illustration, the low collar will be quite an imposing affair. There is but little change in the proper standing collar, as shown in the design.

Ties will be fairly quiet. Black and white checks in silk tied in a loose knot will be worn to some extent, but

THE DOUBLE-BREASTED SUIT.

the most popular ones will be of cotton, which this year are made better than ever, having silk Jacquarded relief effects, and which can be worn in ties, knots or four-in-hand. Fashion says tie your own scarf, but the made-up affairs are so adroitly put together that no difference is discernible.

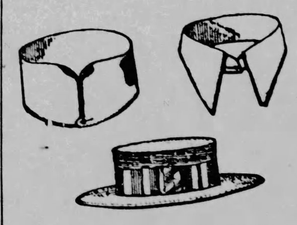
In the matter of shirts, there is little change from last year. The neglige affairs will form an important part of the summer man's outfit, and they will be in all kinds of colors and materials. A very pale blue will be the fashionable color, and all the shirts should be fitted with the high turndown collar with the deep points and link cuffs. All shirts should be made with collars and cuffs attached.

One of the most important features of the summer man's wardrobe should be at least half a dozen pairs of white duck trousers. They should be made very long, to allow for a deep turn-up at the bottom. In fit they should be much looser than the trousers of other material, and it is absolutely necessary that they are heavily creased down the leg.

Double-breasted blue coats of rough serge should be worn with the white duck pants, and a neglige shirt of pale blue. With low tan shoes and light blue socks of silk or merino and a white straw hat, garnished with a blue and white ribbon, the young man who wears this outfit can count upon being strictly in form.

With informal dress of this kind gold jewelry should be avoided. Silver shirtstuds and silver link cuff buttons are the proper thing. This should be welcome news to most people, as ornamentation in silver costs but little, whereas the gold is as dear as ever.

There is no decided change in the matter of clothing. Trousers are not quite as wide as last year, having now



THREE BITS OF GOOD FORM.

reached a sensible medium. They should be made twenty or nineteen and a half inches at the knee, and an inch narrower at the bottom.

For formal afternoon wear the very proper young man will have a frock suit or a number of them in different shades of gray, the skirts of the coat reaching a trifle below the knees. Fancifully colored vests should be carefully avoided. They are out of date and bespeak for the wearer a lack of knowledge on what is right. The cutaway coat will be as long as in the winter, the skirts reaching to the bend of the knee. Of course, the great coat for summer wear will, as usual, be the light sack made long, and curving in at the waist and fitting tightly over the hips.

For the athletically inclined man there are numberless styles in yachting, tennis, riding, golfing and bicycling suits, but the fashions in these change comparatively little. The owners of tennis flannel suits will be frowned upon this summer if they attempt to force upon the public their flannel trousers for every-day wear, as the duck affairs have supplanted them.

Also the man who insists upon wearing a yachting hat upon all occasions will be looked down upon by those "in the know." If he must have a soft hat let him wear an Alpine, or, if he wishes to attract attention by his headgear let him wear a Tam O'Shanter, which is growing in popularity. It is fair to presume that a large number of benighted beings will adopt the long-peaked bicycle hat, to show that they are followers of the wheel, and they are warned in good time not to do it. The hats are not pretty, and, besides, make the average man look like a tough.

Another word of warning. In evening wear don't have any embroidery on your shirt front. Use the finest kind of plain linen that your pocket can afford, and for studs use only plain pearl buttons.

OLD FAVORITES.

Published by request.

THE DYING CALIFORNIAN.

Lie up nearer, brother, nearer,
For my limbs are growing cold;
And thy presence seemeth dearer
When thy arms around me fold.

I am dying, surely dying;
Soon you'll miss me in your berth,
And my form will soon be lying
Beneath ocean's briny surf.

Listen to me, brother, hearken;
I have something I would say
Ere the veil of vision darkens,
And I go from hence away.

Tell my father, when you greet him,
That in death I prayed for him;
Prayed that I might one day meet him,
In a world that's free from sin.

Tell my mother—God assist her,
Now that she is growing old—
That her child would glad have kissed her,
When his lips grew pale and cold.

Listen to me, catch each whisper,
It's my wife I speak of now;
Tell, Oh, tell her how I missed her,
When the fever burned my brow.

Tell her she must kiss my children,
Like the kiss I last impressed,
Hold them close as last I held them,
Fondly, closely to my breast.

Oh! my children! Heaven bless them!
They were all my life to me!
'Twas for them I crossed the ocean,
What my hopes were God can tell.
They have gained an orphan's portion,
But He doeth all things well.

Tell my sister I remember
Every kindly parting word,
And my heart has been kept tender,
By the thoughts her memory stirred.

Tell them I never reached the haven,
Where I sought the precious dust,
But I gained a port called Heaven,
Where the gold doth never rust.

Published by request.

THE LADY ELGIN.

Up from the poor man's cottage,
Forth from the mansion door,
Sweeping across the waters,
And echoing along the shore,
Caught by the morning breezes,
Borne on the evening gale,
Cometh a voice of sorrow,
A sad and solem wail.

Chorus—Lost on the Lady Elgin,
Sleeping to wake no more,
Numbered in death three hundred,
Who failed to reach the shore.

Staunch was the noble steamer,
Precious the freight she bore;
Gaily she loosened her cables
A few short hours before.
Grandly she swept our harbor,
Joyfully rang her bell,
Little thought we ere morning
'Twould toll so sad a knell.

Maidens whose hearts were leaping
Gay in the early morn,
Children who slept at evening,
But orphans, woke at dawn.
Sisters for brothers weeping,
Husbands for missing wives,
Such are the ties dissevered,
With those three hundred lives.

Published by request.

ANSWER TO "ROCK ME TO SLEEP."

Yes, darling one, I will rock thee to sleep;
Stay not to murmur nor sadly to weep.
Smile, though thy pathway be rugged and cold,
Soon shall I greet thee in Heaven's sweet fold.
Cease thy repining, for trouble must come,
Where'er on earth, thou shall find thee a home;
Over life's desert the shadows will creep,
In realms of joy I will rock thee to sleep.

No love like that of thy mother thou'lt
No hand to guide thee, no ties that will bind,
No eyes to watch thee, and no heart to love,
As love the angels in mansions above;
Still doth my heart sweetly roam to my child,
When tempest comes, and when life's light is wild,
Over my darling my fond watch I'll keep,
In realms of joy I will rock thee to sleep.

Soon wilt thou cross the dark river of death,
E're long thou'll feel the great reaper's cold breath;
Angels will bear thee from life's cheerless shore,
To realms were beauty shall fade nevermore.
Sweet songs shall greet thee, bright forms appear;
Never more care and grief's shadows thou'lt fear,
But where dwells happiness lasting and deep;
Gladly my loved one, I rock thee to sleep.

TURNING THE ST. LAWRENCE.

It Once Run Through Lake Champlain and Could Again be Diverted.

It is a geological fact that all the waters of the St. Lawrence at one time poured down through Lake Champlain, and were discharged into the Atlantic at New York, and Chauncey N. Dutton, of New York, the engineer, who has worked out the problem of the new waterway, recently told an Albany Journal man that it could be turned back into that channel if money enough were expended upon the work. His plan, however, does not contemplate anything which would destroy the commerce of Montreal or make Quebec's water front a sandy plain. The great river can spare enough water for the ship canal and not appear to have lost a drop. It is the foremost of rivers in its uniform discharge, of which the mean amount is 272,095 cubic fet per second at Ogdensburg. The lowest discharge of the Mississippi is 156,000 cubic feet per second, and its maximum is fully eight times that amount. The work required to complete the project is not so great as may be imagined. It will be necessary to build a new aqueduct over the Chippewa river on the Welland canal, also eight miles of new canal from near Thorold, Ont., to near Queenstown, with two locks; a lock at Cornwall, a lock near Valley Field, Quebec; a canal from Lake St. Francis, in the St. Lawrence, at a point opposite Grand Island, to the Richelieu river, and, lastly, a canal from Lake Champlain to the Hudson river. This last will be the most difficult part of the whole undertaking.

The proposed canal will connect South Bay, Lake Champlain, with the Hudson at Fort Miller, although an effort will be made to connect with the river at a point higher up. Below Coxsackie the Hudson will afford a clear, unobstructed waterway to New York. The lock at this end of the route will be at Waterford.

The depth of water necessary in the canals to be constructed will conform to that on Limekiln Crossing in the Detroit river. This route will be essentially for freight vessels, and it will be deepened from time to time to conform with the depth maintained by the government in the Detroit river.

Big Sleeves in 1639.

The Boston Transcript has unearthed an old municipal statute of the town of Dedham, dated 1629, which read:

And be it further enacted, That hereafter no person whatsoever shall make a garment for woman or any other sex with sleeves more than half an ell wide in the widest part and so proportionate for bigger or smaller persons. And for present reformation of immoderate great sleeves and some other superfluities which may easily be redressed without much prejudice or spoil of garments, it is ordered, etc.

Thus it appears that at the very time when Thomas Hooker and the other founders of the state of Connecticut were busy in laying the foundation of the first Democratic commonwealth that ever had a written constitution, the people of Massachusetts were fussing about the width of the women's sleeves, and not of the women's only, but of "any other sex." For heaven's sake how many sexes were there in Massachusetts in those days.

Half an ell is 22 1-2 inches, a little less than two feet. That was the "high-water mark" of sleeves in Dedham two centuries and a half ago. The absurd style has "come 'round" again, and flourishes more riotously than ever.—Hartford Times.

TROLLEYING TO THE JUNGFRAU

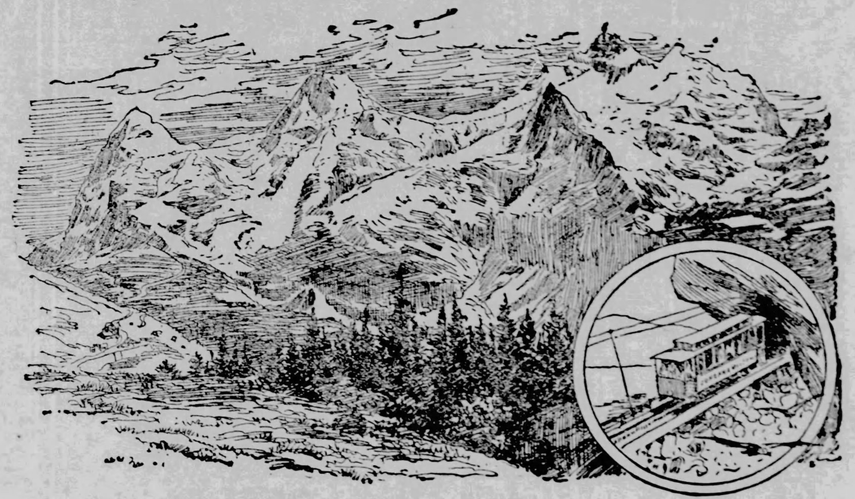
AN ALPINE RAILROAD TO BE BUILT ABOVE THE CLOUDS

To the Hitherto Inaccessible Queen of the Alps.

Ask any Alpine clubman which is the hardest, the most difficult and the most hazardous mountain to ascend, and he will tell you the Jung Frau. Some may say the Matterhorn, perhaps, because the speaker climbed it. There are many men who have risked their lives to get to the top of the Matterhorn, and a large number have attempted the task of climbing to the top of the Jung Frau, but mighty few can truthfully say they succeeded.

Yet on June 5 the herculean task of building an electrical road through, across and over the Alps to this most dangerous mountain will be begun. It is difficult to give any idea of the thousand and one difficulties which obstruct the way of such a project. It will rank with the greatest of engineering feats in the history of the world. The Kiel canal, the Suez canal, the Brooklyn bridge are mere playthings to this great undertaking. It will be the most marvelous in its boldness and grandeur, and as a world-wonder will be second to nothing within the circumference of the earth. Man has never conquered nature to such a degree as will be the case here.

Just imagine a railroad which starts in the clouds a mile and a quarter above the sea level, going through great mountains, skirting along narrow ledges, crossing precipices thousands of feet deep, skimming the peak of a snow-clad forest, plunging through the frozen air and looking down upon great banks of clouds, and all the time going up higher and higher until the Jung Frau has been reached, 14,000 feet above the level of the sea, or almost three miles straigh up in the air. The top of a 300-foot building seems extraordinarily high to most people, but looking down upon the world from a height of 14,000 feet is almost too great for human realization.



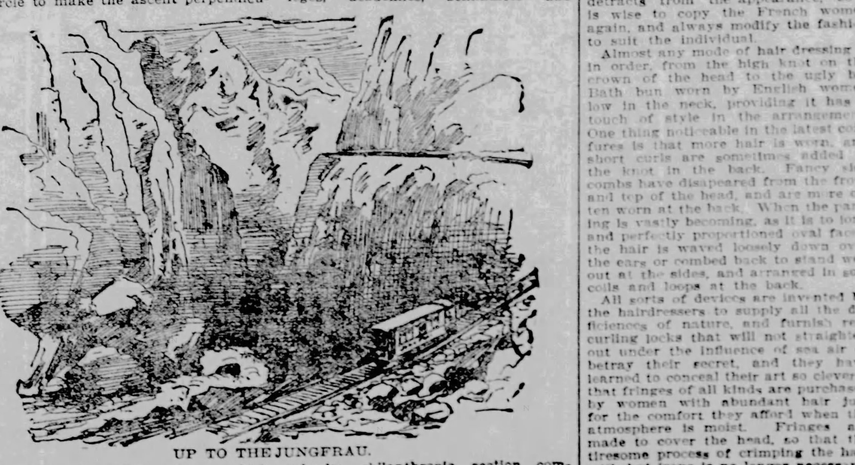
THE ROUTE OF THE NEW ROAD.

The project of making the peak of the Jung Frau, the queen of the Alps, accessible to the vast army of Alpine tourists, as well as to a few daring climbers, was initiated on the 26th of December last, when the National Swiss congress voted the concession for the construction of the road. The company which obtained the concession entrusted the matter to the famous engineer, Adolph Guyer-Zeller, of Zurich. It is not expected that the road will be in operation until the summer of 1900, as it is believed that it will take five years to build.

According to the plans prepared, the railroad will begin at Station Scheidegg, which is 6,500 feet above the sea level. It will run, rising gradually, to the Eiger glacier, at the foot of the famous Eiger wall, and here will begin the tunnel, which will extend, moving in a southerly direction, to the Grindel wood. This tunnel, bored through a solid mountain, will be 8,000 feet in length, or something more than a mile and a half.

The tunnel will come out on the Walliser side of the mountain, and from that point it will extend in a westerly direction over the mountain to Eiger, a distance of 10,000 feet, or nearly two miles. From Eiger to Station Monch, more than half-way to the Jung Frau, is another two miles.

After leaving Monch the course of the road is downward for a short distance for the purpose of gaining the most accessible point for the final ascension to the Jung Frau. At the Griggi glacier will be another station, and from there the road will run to the Berne side of the mountain, bringing it to a height of 12,940 feet above the sea level. Then it will move upward and upward in a semi-circle to make the ascent perpendicular to the Jung Frau, from which can be had the most beautiful view of any of the great mountains of Switzerland.



UP TO THE JUNGFRAU.

To take the passengers to the very peak of the Jung Frau an elevator will be constructed, running to an additional height of 200 feet. On the peak will be erected a steel and iron pavilion capable of entertaining 500 people at one time.

The motive power of the road will be electricity, and the cars used will be something on the order of the present trolley, but much larger and stronger and especially constructed to withstand the rigor of mountain work and the climatic severities of such great altitudes. The cars will move slowly, taking two hours for the trip of a trifle less than eight miles. This is done to give the passengers abundant opportunity to drink in the wonderful beauties of the journey and for the additional reason of lessening the chances of the trip proving injurious to the health of tourists. A sudden change into the rarified atmosphere of such a stupendous height as the Jung Frau might prove dangerous to any one afflicted with heart or lung trouble, and the slow journey will give the human system, it is thought, abundant time to adapt itself to the climatic change and make the trip a perfectly safe one for the average tourist.

It is curious to note that when the project of building the road to the Jung Frau was first made it met with most violent opposition, not because of its engineering difficulties, but by reason of sanitary obstacles. Professor Reynolds, of Paris, and Professor Kronecker, of Berne, were consulted on the question, and after mature deliberation agreed that healthy people could safely undergo a gradual ascent to the Jung Frau. Persons not accustomed to mountain climates it was agreed should not remain at the top more than two or three hours.

The concession provides that a comporse of physicians shall always be on hand at the starting point, Station Scheidegg, to examine doubtful passengers to see if they have heart or lung trouble, and if so, to prevent them from making the journey.

It has also been agreed that the workmen employed on the construction of the road shall be acclimated at the various heights under the guidance of physicians to prevent any injurious effects.

The length of the entire road is to be 1,213 kilometers, or about seven and five-eighths miles, of which five miles will be tunnel. The work of cutting tunnels of such length in mountains above the clouds, will be a great task in itself, and these tunnels will in extent compare favorably with any in the world. The famous Gothard tunnel is something more than eight miles in length, but the difficulties of building it were nothing in comparison to those to be overcome in the Jung Frau road.

The tunnels will be lighted by electricity and abundantly ventilated. The wild glacier stream of the Lauter Brunner valley will be utilized to supply the power for the dynamo. It is estimated that the road will cost $1,600,000, not a great sum when the intricate magnitude of the work is considered.

It has long been the pet dream of great engineers to build a railroad up to the Jung Frau, and many propositions with that end in view were submitted to the Swiss government. In 1890, the famous engineer, S. Simon, worked out a plan, but upon minute examination it was not deemed practicable. Many other propositions met with the same fate from other sources. It was not until Guyer-Zeller had, with much labor and risk, gone over the entire route, measuring distances and allowing for dynamic forces and working out the plan which should make the heretofore inaccessible Jung Frau as handy to the tourist as the Lake Erie Casino is to the Toledoan and not a whit more dangerous.

CONGRESS OF RELIGIONS.

Plans for a Great International Parliament to be Held in Toronto.

The clergymen, educationalists and humanitarians of prominent cities throughout the country are looking forward with lively expectation to the assembling of the Pan-American Congress of Religion and Education, which is called to meet for a week in Toronto, Canada, beginning July 7.

This is a movement to bring together representative laymen and clergymen from every country, province and state of North and South America to discuss the ethical and philanthropic problems of the day, free from patisanship and sectarian bias.

All creeds and denominations will be represented. Among the leaders in the movement are William R. Harper, president of the Chicago University; Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul; the Right Rev. Mahlon L. Gilbert, bishop of the Protestant Episcopal church, of Minnesota; Bishops J. H. Vincent, of Chautauqua, and J. J. Hurst, of Washington, both of the Methodist Episcopal church, and many other prominent ecclesiastics among Protestants, Roman Catholics and Hebrews. They will come together, as the call says, "under the banner of the Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God to consider the great social, economic and moral questions that pertain to the upbuilding of our common humanity."

Three sessions a day will be held. The afternoon meetings will be given up to the work of the several sections. These number six, and are classified as follows: Authors, editors and publishers; educational section, including colleges, academies, seminaries and schools; philanthropic section, comprising hospitals, asylums, orphanages, homes and reformatories; women's section, devoted to temperance and rescue work; denominational section, and young people's section, made up of young people's societies, Sunday schools, kindergartens and missionary societies.

It is announced that state, county and municipal governments in all parts of the two Americas will send especially credited delegates to the philanthropic section.

BLOOMERS AND THEIR USES.

New Girl and the Old Woman Differ as to the Time of Wearing.

"So you do not believe in bloomers?" said the new girl to the old-fashioned woman.

"I do not," the latter replied severely.

"Do you think them immodest?"

"Not necessarily; but certainly unwomanly."

"Pooh!" exclaimed the new girl, in her superior way. "With such old fogies as you there would be no advancement at all. You do not realize the needs of the new woman. For some things bloomers are almost a necessity. They are certainly a vast improvement over the costumes usually worn."

"Well," admitted the old woman thoughtfully, "possibly that is so. I, myself, can think of one place where bloomers might be preferable to the costume in vogue."

"One the wheel, of course."

"No. On the bathing beach."

But the new girl declared she would die before she would wear such hideous things on the beach.

A Long Felt Want.

The quart strawberry box has been regulated this season so that it holds considerably more than a pint.—New Orleans Picayune.

THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

The World, that knows so much,
Yet knows of these things naught—
For truths by children caught
Elude the World's gross clutch—
The tenderness, the glow,
The rapture of release,
The still abiding peace
That living spirits know.

Think not Love blind, nor fear
To flout the World's stale lie;
Love has the seeing eye,
And Love the hearing ear;
The World, not Love, is blind,
And goes its blinking way,
While children at their play
The priceless jewel find.

COIFFURES FOR SUMMER.

The Parting to be Succeeded by the Pompadour Style of Hairdressing.

Anything new in the art of hairdressing is of special interest to the woman who delights in change of any sort, and especially in arranging her hair acording to the very latest mode

regardless of the contour of her face and the becoming effect. All kinds and varieties of coiffure are continually replacing one another, and any style which distinguishes a woman from the prevailing fashion seems new simply because it is not in general use. And now the woman who would be indisputably stylish must dispense with the parting she has taken so much trouble to cultivate, and adopt the later fashion of rolling the hair back from her forehead a la Pompadour, as her less conservative Parisian sisters have been doing for some time.

There is a certain fitness of things in the combination of Pompadour hair, fichus, wide collars and deep ruffs, and the parting must go, or the would-be up-to-date woman will be entirely out of the race. American women adopt a mode with great unanimity after they once approve and take it up, but they are slow to act on the first suggestion of change. The modern Pompadour is not so trying and severe in outline as the old, for the hair is first waved, not frizzed, all around the

head in deep soft waves, and a few short tendril-like curls are brought down on the forehead to make it becoming. The ideal coiffure is always the one which improves rather than detracts from the appearance, so it is wise to copy the French women again, and always modify the fashion to suit the individual.

Almost any mode of hair dressing is in order, from the high knot on the crown of the head to the ugly big Bath bun worn by English women low in the neck, providing it has a touch of style in the arrangement. One thing noticeable in the latest coiffures is that more hair is worn, and short curls are sometimes added to the knot in the back. Fancy side combs have disapeared from the front and top of the head, and are more often worn at the back. When the parting is vastly becoming, as it is to long and perfectly proportioned oval faces, the hair is waved loosely down over the ears or combed back to stand well out at the sides, and arranged in soft coils and loops at the back. All sorts of devices are invented by the hairdressers to supply all the deficiences of nature, and furnish real curling locks that will not straighten out under the influence of sea air or betray their secret, and they have learned to conceal their art so cleverly that fringes of all kinds are purchased by women with abundant hair just for the comfort they afford when the atmosphere is moist. Fringes are made to cover the head, so that the tiresome process of crimping the hair with hot irons is no longer necessary.

Another ingenious arrangement supplies a few little careless curls to fall over the ears in the most natural manner.

Tortoise shell ornaments are to be worn more during the summer than the jewelled ones which have reigned through the winter, says the New York Sun.

Justice.

By an Italian law a circus which does not perform every act promised in the printed programme, or which misleads the public by means of pictures, is liable to a fine of $500 for each offense.—Chicago News.

THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

The World, that knows so much,
Yet knows of these things naught—
For truths by children caught
Elude the World's gross clutch—
The tenderness, the glow,
The rapture of release,
The still abiding peace
That living spirits know.

Think not Love blind, nor fear
To flout the World's stale lie;
Love has the seeing eye,
And Love the hearing ear;
The World, not Love, is blind,
And goes its blinking way,
While children at their play
The priceless jewel find.

PILES.

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THE AMATEUR GARDENER.

A WARNING.

He kept a market garden, for he told
his wife, said he:
"This is a year when we must practice
strict economy.
Our funds are hardly what I wish, and
dividends, alas,
Are getting quite like miracles—they
rarely come to pass.

"My creditors are active, but my debtors they are slow.
My obligations I must meet—I cannot let them grow;
But those who owe me money do not see it in that light,
And to economize I deem the only course that's right."

And so he furrowed up the ground, removed the grass and weeds;
He bought a score of poles for beans, and many a bag of seeds.
He got a lot of wooden frames for his tomato vines,
And went in deep for radishes and into other lines.

He dreamed of crisp white celery, he dreamed of lettuce rows,
He dreamed of lovely pods of pease, as well of po-ta-toes.
He dreamed of pumpkins yellow, and of beets rich, red and rare;
He dreamed, indeed, of all the things that he had planted there.

And if he could have lived on dreams, the plan it would have paid.
But, woe to him, when all was done, it left him wrecked, dismayed;
For when he came to count the cost and all contingent fees,
He'd paid a hundred dollars for one bean and pod of pease.

And that is why he tells his friends who would economize
To take this warning from his case and so do otherwise.
"Who'd dine on vegetables," said he, "is wisest far who seeks
The grocer green for green goods, and the plumber for his leeks."

THE IDEAL HOME.

A Clever Woman Tells Many Facts of Much Interest.

The following from the pen of Emily Huntington Miller may be of interest to some housekeepers:

"The ideal home will make prominent good housekeeping, but it will never allow itself to come under the dominion of an inflexible system before which every other interest must bow down. Who does not know of households where a finger mark, a particle of dust, a shred upon the carpet, a displaced book, a crumpled cushion, anything that mars the cool, flawless neatness of the house, is considered of much more importance than such trifling matters as comfort, ease and happiness. It is well that a home should be neat and orderly, but neither neatness nor order are worth attaining at the sacrifice of higher ends for which the home exists. Nothing in the home is so precious as the people who make it, and the mother should think long before she expends herself so completely upon the externals of living that she has no vitality for it when alone is endearing. It would even be better that her sons should not be able to edify their wives with the memories of mother's pies and cakes and dainties, than that she should be remembered chiefly as cook and caterer, rather than counsellor and companion.

"Better teaching and training and a higher estimate of hygienic law applied to the household must emancipate the housekeeper from bondage by the simple process of stirring her to life, but there is also a snare in making too much of eating and drinking, and allowing the small worries and failures and impossibilities of life to wholly overcloud the sweetness and light of the home.

"We say a man is criminally foolish who throws himself into his business with such blind absorption that he gives himself no time for rest and recreation, and lets home life, the sweetness of his children's youth and the possibilities of growth go by unheeded. Is a woman any wiser who does not set herself resolutely to so simplify the problem of living and so systematize its necessary work that life may take to her some returns of leisure for personal development?

"The elaboration of our housekeeping, the crowding of our home with articles supposed to be decorative adds immeasurably to the burdens of the wife and mother without in any way ministering to the comfort or pleasure of those for whom she makes the sacrifice. Many a woman is a perfect slave to the beautiful home that is the admiration of any of her friends. Dust and rust, moth and mildew, always there is some enemy to fight, and eternal vigilance is the price she pays, not for liberty but for a weary bondage. Does it pay?"

AS TO THE FUTURE OF CHINA.

John Will Now Rapidly Fall in With the Latest Industrial Methods.

The Chinese have a grand old literature and philosophic books by the side of which Plato and the Memorabilia of Socrates and Christ seem mere brochures. The Chinese are essentially a literary and aesthetic people, although they, too, excel in many examples of art and architectural monuments. Their public buildings in brick are few, but those in mud still fill us with admiration. Their traditions are wholly opposed to progress. Their traditions are very old, very theoretical.

Barbaric traditions grown up in the rough practice of life are more easily displa

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Miss Emily S. Bouton EDITOR

A HOUSE-CLEANING SONG.

It is coming, sisters, coming.
Don't you hear the distant humming
Of the mop and broom and dustpan
In a wild fantastic jig,
With the carpet tacks and hammer
Keeping up a constant clamor,
While we don the dingy dampness
Of the worn-out wash-day rig?

Happy we as pigs in clover;
Let the silvery suds slop over.
And never mind the puddles
On the parlor floor, my dear.
Cold left-overs warmed for dinner,
Husband swears by saint and sinner
That it's all the "blankest nuisance,"
For house-cleaning time is here.

For all that you mustn't mind him,
But just hunt around and find him
His collar studs and kerchiefs
Mixed up in the general touse;
And "Revenge is sweet," just mention
With a casual inattention
That when he its you vote you won't
Have time for cleaning house.

And it's coming, sisters, coming,
That is what the distant humming
Of our fin de siecle woman's
Congress means as sure as fate.
Then we'll drop the mop and duster
Without any fuss or fluster,
Won't we have a jolly jumble when
We clean the Ship of State?
—Alice O. Darling, in Good Housekeeping.

HOME TALKS.

A DAY IN CONCORD WANDERING AMONG ITS HISTORIC PLACES.

The Home of Hawthorne—Where the Alcotts Lived—The Concord Library—Mr. Sanborn's House.

CONTINUED.

And then we came to the Wayside, the home of Hawthorne!

It stands upon the highway along which the British troops advanced on that memorable day in April, morethan a century agone, and over which they retreated after they, to their intense surprise, had been defeated by the Minute men. Behind the house runs a ridge which slopes upward to a considerable height, and is nearly parallel with the road below. From its crown the farmers picked off the grenadiers, who were retracing their steps toward Boston after their disaster. Upon this ridge, we were told, was to be seen, for many years a path made by the steps of Mr. Hawthorne, who used to go from his study and pace up and down with measured tread, his head bent, and his thoughts—who may tell where his thoughts wandered during his hours of quiet musing among the somber but fragrant evergreens? This was what his wife called his Mount of Vision.

At the time of the little exchange of compliments between the British and Americans about half of the house as it is now was in existence. It, with the small farm of which it was the nucleus, was purchased in 1845 by Mr. Alcott. The building was an oblong structure, containing only four or five rooms; a mere box with a roof on it, like so many other houses built in New England a hundred and fifty years ago. Mr. Alcott put a wing on each side with "galleries" supported by pillars across their front, and a gabled dormer window over the entrance. He called it the Hillside and lived there until he removed with his family to Boston.

In 1852, I think it was, Mr. Hawthorne purchased the place, and it became the Wayside. I suppose he thought that name accorded with its situation, but I have seen somewhere that he connected it also with his own waiting for the recognition of the public. In The Snow Image he speaks of himself as sitting down "by the wayside of life, like a man under enchantment, and a shrubbery sprang up around me and the bushes grew to be saplings and the saplings became trees, until no exit appeared possible through the entangling depths of my obscurity." I quote this as perhaps explaining why he changed the name of the place.

The description of it as it was when he took possession and as it is now does not correspond, but it seems that upon his return from Europe after a long absence, he made several alterations and additions, among others the "tower" that first strikes the eye, at the top of the main building. It was the top room of this tower which he used as his study and it was in this that Our Old Home was written and Septimius Felton was begun. I looked longingly at it, with a keen desire to go within its walls, but our guide said there was no time for tarrying, nor did she, perhaps, have the open sesame that she possessed in the case of the Emerson home. It would have been a pleasure to have stood for a moment at the desk where he used to stand and write, looking out at intervals upon the tops of the trees which approached so close to the windows. As it was, we could only glance at the home of one whose writings are to be found in so many American and English homes, and think of the beauty and purity of his life. We saw, as we rode slowly by, the face of an elderly woman looking forth from an upper window, which was, some one said, that of Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

Next to the Wayside and a little nearer the Emerson place was the Orchard House, which was also of the greatest interest to us, for it was for years the home of the Alcotts. It is a plain looking house, with peaked roof and a porch over the doorway, through which so many feet stepped joyously in the days when the Alcott children made merry in the home. In the same yard was the rustic building in which the noted Conversations were held that were celebrated the world over.

It seemed sad to us who are still in the flush of physical life that all of the family save one should have passed beyond the veil, and yet there is small need to mourn since the work they left behind them yet lives, and adds to the happiness of humanity. Mrs. Pratt, the last of the family, was the eldest of the four sisters, and she married a son of the Minot Pratt, who was one of the Brook Farm Community. And, speaking of Brook Farm reminds me just here of the delightful book recently brought out by the Arena Publishing company in which John Thomas Codman, one of the Brook Farmers, tells the story of those experiences of his young days of enthusiasm, when it seemed so easy to reform the world.

Orchard House was purchased of Mr. Alcott by Dr. W. T. Harris, the well known educator and writer upon philosophical subjects, in 1884, and it still, I believe, remains a part of his property.

The beautiful afternoon was rapidly waning, and there yet remained many points of interest to see, for Concord is full of associations with the world's good thinkers and doers other than those I have mentioned, but only one or two more objective points could be reached. One was the free public library, which took the place of the circulating library, the latter having, perhaps, existed longer in Concord than in any other town in the United States. It is said, indeed, to have dated back to 1635, when the Book of Martyrs was the principal volume.

The present library is in a pretty, picturesque building on a triangular piece of ground in the central part of the village at the junction of two streets. It was a present from Mr. William Munroe to his native town, under certain conditions and restrictions, and a fine piece of property it is. We went in, and were graciously received by the librarian, who pointed out the things of greatest interest. Among them is a fine oil painting of Emerson; Miss Landor's bust of Hawthorne; a bust of Miss Alcott and many other things. We studied curiously some pages of the manuscript of Little Women; some of one of Emerson's works—I do not recall now which—and some of Hawthorne's. It is said that the annual circulation of the volumes of this library equals ten to each man, woman and child in Concord. A community of readers, surely.

After leaving the library, we passed the home of F. B. Sanborn, the early friend of Thoreau, and the one who was instrumental in starting the Concord School of Philosophy at the Orchard House of Mr. Alcott, where its sessions were held until the new hall was built on the hillside west and named The Chapel. Besides his connection with this widely known school Mr. Sanborn is interesting because of his friendship for John Brown, the latter having spent a part of his last birthday before starting for Virginia at Mr. Sanborn's house. The history of those times tells of the latter's summons to Washington to testify before a committee of the Senate in regard to this matter, he being supposed to have had a knowledge of John Brown's plans. He refused to go, and then they attempted to carry him away by strategy, but his sister made such an outcry as to bring a crowd of infuriated citizens to his aid. That was one of the times when a woman's lungs served an excellent purpose. The home of Mr. Sanborn is a pleasant looking place, with no reflection of the past stormy scenes in the life of its owner.

It would be pleasant to linger longer among these historic scenes, and in the places where so many of the world's truly great men and women have lived and died, but now, as on that memorable day, inexorable Time moves on, and I must leave this visit to pass away and take its place among the things which memory loves best to cherish in her innermost recesses.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

HOUSEHOLD CHAT.

This Week Some Good Words to Think About Are Given.

The folowing paragraphs contain helpful thoughts for all, and are given as food for meditation during the coming week:

Common-sense religion is not a spasmodic affair; it is steady, prayerful and cheerful observance of God's commands. It teaches that character is an achievement, not a gift.—John W. Chadwick.

The truer light and love that is abroad in the world in this closing decade of the century reveals that the sympathy, understanding, the good intention, is the great need of human life. We have had too much doing good and too little good. Kindness has resolved itself into a spectacular function and organized, official effort, instead of being the natural and spontaneous condition of life. To "do good" it is not necessary to hire a hall and call in Gilmore's band. The simple, natural living of our human life in its natural and easy relations offers opportunities, as wide as the relations themselves can extend, for this "doing good" that is not infrequently conceived of as a specialty in itself. The new era will dawn, the higher humanity will be evolved, when lotty thought and noble deeds shall be lived out simply and naturally in daily expression, rather than held as a decorative attachment, or a luxury of wealth and leisure.

It is not to talk the talk, but to live the life; to be patient, tender, considerate and encouraging; to believe and not to doubt; to give the encouragement of faith and not the paralysis of distrust to those about us. The opportunities of every one's daily life are so great that if each of us should live out our ideals, in this simple and spontaneous way, the world would be regenerated. There are those who do. Sir Galahad is not merely the figure of a poet's conception, but he is to be met and recognized in our common life. He is typical of the higher qualities that are being brought to bear upon daily living. To "give the world the result of our actions"—in that truth lies the great work of redemption. Take the perplexities of life "into the silence"; there find their significance and the solution. The answer will be wonderful, and will transform our daily living to magic and music.—Lillian Whiting.

If any of these ideas arouse thoughts or questions in the minds of the Household members to which they can give brief expression to help others, the editor will be glad to hear from them.

BOTH NICE AND NECESSARY.

These Little Adjuncts to My Lady's Bower Sent by Correspondents.

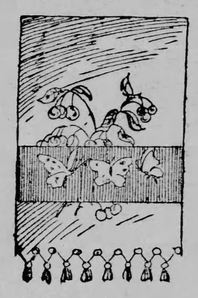
For Shoe-Findings.

Take half a yard of cardinal (or any other color) ribbon, two inches wide; cut it in two equal pieces, and in one end of each strip make a hem wide enough to hold a slim whale-bone. Cut

two pieces of bone each not quite two inches long and run them into these hems. Take a piece of bolting cloth three inches long and two inches wide; paint or embroider the words "Shoe Findings" upon it, and fasten across one piece of the ribbon, then join the two pieces with overhand stitch for five inches at one side, and on the other for one inch and a half, leaving an opening at this point into which to slip a paper of needles, and closing the side above it. Stitch across the ribbons twice, to divide them into three sections; make an inch and a half hem in the top ends of the ribbon, shirring it for the draw strings, which are two half-yard lengths of half-inch ribbon run into the two casings from opposite directions. Take an empty spool of No. 70 thread and wind it full of No. 24 black linen; insert it in the bottom of the bag by pressing on the ends of the whalebones, which will spring open to admit it and close again to hold it in place. Fill the little bag at the top with shoe-buttons, put a paper of coarse needles in the middle section and the bag is complete.—B. O. N.

Cover for Towel Rack.

Take a piece of momie cloth just as wide as the rack and long enough to hang nearly to the floor on each side when adjusted, over it. About three inches from each end put a strip of dark velvet, seven or eight inches wide, ornamented with a butterfly design in gay colors. This may be painted, embroidered or appliqued. Before applying this strip



have a design of cherry boughs with fruit and leaves stamped upon the momie cloth, as shown in illustration; this also may be embroidery or applique work, and should be in the natural colors. Finish the ends with ball fringe in a color corresponding with the velvet. If the edge of the momie cloth is not selvedge, it should be hemmed.—Mollie.

Pattern Holder.

Take a piece of toweling two yards long, hem both ends. With a pencil draw two lines lengthwise about three inches each side of the center. With narrow tape make a row of loops upon these lines, varying in size according to the pattern they are to hold. Write the name of each pattern on a slip of paper and paste on the cloth opposite the loop. Run a small stick through each hem, and sew strings on the upper end to tie like a map. Suspend by a ring inside your closet door or beside your work table. If you like, the outside of the roll may be ornamented with cross-stitch embroidery. —Grace Atkinson.

Panel for Letters.

Cover a heavy piece of cardboard of any desired size with a shade of cardinal silk that contrasts prettily with dark blue, lining it at the back with silesia. Cut a piece of dark blue velvet considerably smaller than the cardboard; paint or embroider a bunch of daisies, and golden rod upon it in the natural colors; line it with silesia, and finish the edge with gold cord. Put this piece exactly in the center of the cardboard, fastening it only at the bottom and top and at one or two places at the

sides. Finish the ends with silk fringe and either suspend over the desk or lay across one end of it. The letters are to be slipped under the velvet at the sides.—Roxie Gray.

HOUSEHOLD CORRESPONDENCE.

Encourage the Children to Work and Teach Them to be Kind.

In answer to the question given in the Blade Household on the question of allowing children some fixed remuneration for the assistance they give about the home, we have this week a very excellent paper from one who has evidently given much thought to the subject, and we hope to hear from others, who certainly must, as fathers and mothers, have a living interest in anything that concerns the welfare of their children.

Children and Wages.

Are there good, logical reasons why children shall not be rewarded for work honestly and faithfully performed? If there are such reasons, the opening of this important question will surely bring them to the surface, and the discussion will certainly do much good, especially to those who have given the subject little or no thought. At present I can see only the pro side of it.

We children of a larger growth realize how much the hope of compensation lessens our burdens. We are greatly given to the habit of complaining at Fate, when she forces us to toil week after week, with no reward but food and clothing, and knowing this we ought to be all the more anxious to deal justly with those little men and women who have not yet become inured to her crotchety ways. It is our duty to make them feel that they live because they are needed in the world to perform certain duties, and that they are to be rewarded according to their faithfulness. The earlier they are to be taught to bear the responsibilities of life, the less heavily will disappointments weigh them down as they advance in years.

Timely and careful encouragement will keep their bright faces turned toward a self-sustaining maturity, and they will have no inclination, in after years, to become strikers and tramps.

It may be argued that money is so scarce in some families that it is not possible to pay children wages. In such a case you can enter into a contract with each child, agreeing to pay him wages at stated times. Furnish him with a blank book and a pencil, and require him to keep an account of his work and his wages, and teach him to take care of his book, as it represents money. If you cannot possibly give the money you can give him its value in eggs, poultry, butter, or whatever you have to sell, and see how heartily he will enter into the plan. When all is arranged satisfactorily, and you have heard him express his intention a few times of buying a circus next year, and of doing other impossible things, you can suggest how pleasant it will be for a boy to go to the store and choose for himself a suit of clothes, and pay for them with his own money, and nine times out of ten he will agree with you. It never does any harm to mention to friends of the family that John is growing to manhood rapidly, that already he has begun to buy his own clothing; but it does great harm to tell your visitors that he is naughty and lazy, no matter how true such a report may be.

Wise parents can so arrange the matter of wages that the small amounts paid will return to bless them an hundred fold. Business methods and orderly habits, as well as a commendable spirit of independence, will be inoculated, just when it is time to make lasting impressions. Let us also take into account the vast amount of nerve force which may thus be saved, and which is too often expended in scolding to get a little work out of "that bad child," and we have a very satisfactory result. The same rules will apply with equal force to girls, and if strictly carried out will hold at bay the many evils which idleness never fails to bring in its slimy train. —R. S. A.

Teach the Children to be Kind.

I was filled with indignation while reading Anise's letter, toward the heartless mother who could witness with a smile the cruel treatment of her child to God's dumb creatures. I think a child should be taught from earliest infancy the sin and reward of abuse to any of God's creatures. The Bible says, "A merciful man is merciful to his beast." And I think a child who is cruel to animals will be cruel to human beings also, and if a child is not taught the wickedness and cruelty of such treatment it is not likely he will think of it in after years. —Ruby.

A Great Responsibility.

I think that mothers who will stand by and see their children abuse dumb animals without trying to teach them to be kind and gentle, even to cats and dogs, are responsible for their wicked and cruel actions when they are grown to be men and women.—Alice.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Exchange of Information by Members of the Household.

Alice:—Mr. Bishop's book, The Garden of Eden, U. S. A., has just been issued in book form, so you can have the pleasure of reading it even though you subscribed for The Blade too late to get it in its serial form.—Ed.

Clara Van G.:—A plain white or cream note paper is always in good taste. The quality of the paper should be good, though there is a difference in opinion as to whether it should be smooth or rough paper, some preferring one and some the other style. "Onion skin" paper is the name applied to the very thin paper used mostly for foreign correspondence on account of the difference its use makes in postage. If you choose to use that for your correspondence the editor suggests that you do not write for the press upon it, as it is very difficult to use it for copy. Envelopes are generally plain white square ones, half the size of the page of note paper, though some persons prefer the long and narrow envelopes. No flowers or fancy work on paper or envelopes is in good taste. The monogram or street address of the writer is sometimes stamped at the top of the sheet of paper, and a return address on the envelope, but it is not the rule.

As to your second question: "Do I compose and punctuate well enough to ever become an author,' the editor cannot tell very much about the matter from so short a note as you sent her, but it requires more than punctuation and speling, though these are very necessary, in order to become an author. It will be necessary that you have something to write. Your little note was very well expressed, but was not enough to give any idea of your ability or genius.—Ed.

Thanks are due to Margaret Nelson, Quinnie Richey and Mary B. Perigo for copies of Dr. Watts's Lullaby song, which was asked for by "Lilian." The song will be published as soon as possible.—Ed.

Miss L. B.:—The story you sent is not quite suited for the columns of The Blade. It lacks originality, is written with a lead pencil and on both sides of the paper. If you desire to "write for the newspapers," as you say, you will have to give more attention to these and other requirements. —Ed.

"A Horrid Fright!"—If your eyebrows have been entirely destroyed by fire they can be restored by using a wash made of five grains of sulphate of quinine and one ounce of alcohol. Apply night and morning with a small brush. For thin eye-brows camphorated oil applied with a brush will cause them to grow thick.—Ed.

Inquiries.

I would like to have some one tell me how to keep eggs from sticking to the pan while poaching.—Aunt Mary.

How can I remove spots from the brass tea-kettle that belongs to my 5 o'clock tea outfit, and what shall I use to polish it with?—Maiden Fair.

A CHAT WITH THE COOK.

VASSAR PIE.

Give me a spoon of oleo, ma,
And the sodium alkali,
For I'm going to make a pie, mamma,
I'm going to make a pie,
For John will be hungry and tired, ma,
And his tissues will decompose—
So give me gramme of phosphate,
And the corbon and celluiose.

Now, give me a chunck of caseine, ma,
To shorten the thermic fat;
And hand me the oxygen bottle, ma,
And look at the thermostat;
And if the electric oven is cold
Just turn it on half an ohm,
For I want to have supper ready
As soon as John comes home.

Now, pass me the neutral dope, mamma,
And rotate the mixing machine,
But give me the sterilized water first
And the oleomargarine.
And the phosphate, too, for now I think,
The new typewriter's quit,
And John will need more phosphate food
To help his brain a bit.
—Chicago News.

About School Luncheons.

Several requests have been sent to the Household cook for something that will answer for the school children to carry for luncheon. It is generally some bread and butter, cold boiled eggs and several pieces of cake or pie, and it is all put together in a covered pail, or basket, and is not at all inviting at the noon hour, when the child is tired and needs something to rest him from the three hours of mental work. Many times children, young and old, will prefer to go without eating if they are obliged to remain at the school building during their hour for dinner or luncheon. This is especially to be deplored in cities where the one session plan prevails, and it is worth the while of parents and educators to find some way of remedying the evil.

In a recent number of the New England Kitchen Magazine, published by the N. E. Kitchen Publishing Company, at 7 Temple place, Boston, is a very comprehensive article on this subject with practical details that will be of great benefit to any who are interested. From this we learn that in the large schools of England, Vienna and Paris the city authorities furnish kitchens where substantial lunches are prepared for the school children at a cost of 5 and 10 cents each. The tickets are given out by a teacher, or some one appointed for that purpose and no one knows if their neighbor's ticket was paid for, or if, he not being able to pay for it, it was given him, and all were served alike.

In 1890 the school committee in Boston decided to try the experiment, and the matter was placed in charge of the New England Kitchen. It required very little apparatus, placed in the basement of the school building, and the food was chosen with regard to the especial needs of the pupils that containing the most nourishment and brain-food having preference. These lunches are prepared and arranged on tables for serving during the hour previous to the noon recess, with the exception of the cocoa, hot milk and soup, which is poured into the cups as the children come in. The 5 cent lunch seems to be the most popular.

Rooms for the preparation of this food could be arranged for in building school houses the same as church kitchens are provided for.

The testimony of the teachers is that great improvement is seen in the condition of children so accomodated. In eight schools 1,100 children are served daily, requiring about 253 quarts of soup, 72 quarts of milk, 70 pound loaves of bread, 3 1-2 pounds butter, 22 dozen cokies, or 22 sheets of gingerbread.

The cook feels that she may be excused for taking so much space for this matter, as it seems to be a growing necessity in our schools, as the one session system is becoming more and more adopted to decide the question of suitable arrangement for the lunch hour of the pupils, and as explained in the magazine it seems so easily arranged this article being, like everything in the book, clear, comprehensive and directly to the point, and it is worthy of serious consideration by those who have the responsibility of caring for the school children who form so large and important a part of our population.

Next week we will have some recipes for summer cooking that have been contributed by a most excellent housekeeper.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Have a Pleasant Personal Interview With the President for Ohio.

Mr. Walter Wright, of West Liberty, president of the Order of Blade Merry-Go-Rounds in Ohio, sends the following sketch to accompany his photograph and to serve as an introduction to his fellow-members in his own and other states: "I do not know how to commence the sketch of my life unless with the startling assertion that I was born! I have lived in West Liberty my whole life—nearly twenty-one years—and having spent most of the time in school, as I look back over those days

WALTER WRIGHT, OHIO.

I see a whole 'train' of recollections wrecked now and then by a 'switch.' I graduated from the high school here and from the Oberlin Business College, and am at present studying law.

West Liberty is a village of 1,500 inhabitants, situated in a small valley, through which winds the muddy waters of Mad river; is noted chiefly for its location, and for the fine farming country and beautiful hills which surround it. It was once a favorite camping ground for the Indians, and many valuable relics have been unearthed here, among them the bones and weapons of Chief Molusky. The oldest flouring mill in the state is located here, and many curious incidents concerning the way in which the Indians traded furs and pelts for meat are connected with it."

The Raven of Wood's Edge, Ind.:—If Miss Prudence will allow the Raven perch room again, he will croak in a different key. Others have expressed their opinions in regard to equal rights; may I not have the same privilege? While delighted with woman's ascendancy in a general sense, I am decidedly opposed to woman suffrage; woman is classified by all time as being second to man in leadership; even with the Aborigines of America, man alone was leader. God designed this, by giving man the stronger arm and larger brain. Ye who oppose me, is it right that woman should rise in state and wield the scepter of power while man must bare his breast to the storm or battle in time of strife? How many of you fair maidens would shoulder a musket and bear the hardships of two or three years of war maintaining the principles of the nation you would govern? I fancy I see a platoon of "Sweet Sixteens" in battle array, many of whom would faint at the bursting of a gun cap. No one should seek the reins of state unless they could carry a musket in its defense. Let woman rise in literature, art, religion, and the social realm, but never in politics. Her most natural sphere is the home, shaping therein the destinies of nations unborn, and moulding the characters of nations born. Come ye Mollie Pitchers, Grace Darlings and would-be heroines, and give the Merry-Go-Rounds the sober glow of your after thought. I'm only a young farmer, but this is my theory.

C. M. Baker, Ind.:—"I wish to say a word to the M. G. R.'s. Go on in your good work; you are improving and doing a noble work; may God bless you in your labor."

Ruhamah, O.:—"I live in a beautiful country town in Northeastern Ohio. I am very fond of music and of reading; Irving being my favorite author, and Carleton my pet poet."

Bessie, Iowa:—"I am a member of the M. E. church and the daughter of a veteran and like to read books and papers that have a tendency to elevate and enlighten my mind. My favorite studies are history and telegraphy. Success to our order!"

Maida, Mich.:—"I think Sam Igotus meant all right, but did not express himself quite clearly enough. I hope his ideal will prove to be pretty, educated and as sweet-tempered as a homely girl possibly could be. It seems to me there must be a few in the Circle that do not quite come up to Sam's ideal in beauty, or there would not be so much fault found."

Hayseed, Neb.:—"I agree with Green regarding a president for our state, but disagree with Oregon Cowboy on the subject of dancing. I go to school when I can, though it is a mile and a half away, and I am a cripple, using a wooden leg. My favorite studies are history and natural history. Three years ago I persuaded our teacher to allow the scholars to buy a flag, and as he was kind-hearted and patriotic, I did not have to coax much. We raised fifteen dollars for that purpose, and if crops had been good last year I would have tried for Washington's picture. If the M. G. R.'s come through Nebraska on their Western trip, I think we have some points of interest here to show them, one of the principal ones being the beet-sugar factory."

Peggy Short, Va.:—"Now Sam Igotus don't stare so, though I'll excuse you after all, for of course you are only admiring my sylph-like form and Undine features. If you don't object to my melodious (?) name I might be induced to take that dish-washing and button-sewing contract. I could follow the example of the Raven and expatiate on the beauties of nature that surround my home, or describe a 'scene in the gloaming' in which the croak of the frog and cry of the whip-poor-will take a conspicuous part, filling the air with their united melody, but alas! I am afraid of that woeful, wailing waste basket."

Klickitatter, Wash.:—"I live seventeen miles from the Columbia river. It is a beautiful stream, frozen only part of the way over in winter time. Last summer the town of Grants, on the Oregon side, was almost swept away by high water; this spring the river has not come up to high-water mark. Through the lower part of this country lies the Columbia river fruit belt. Next time I come I will tell you of my experience in the Yaxima county hop yards.'

The Chaperone thinks your cousin's letter must have been lost as it never reached her. She will be very glad to hear again from both of you.

Hawkeye Rob, Iowa:—"I agree with R. H. Sea, that beauty of soul and disposition shines through our faces. My home is in northwestern Iowa. My favorite authors are Scott and Dickens. I teach school in the winter, finding it pleasant work, and expect to go to the university this fall to study law. I would like the opinion of some of the M. G. R's. on the book 'Les Miserables.'"

The M. G. R. organization is a national affair, Rob, your state having more than ten members, has a president, Miss Carrie M. Kepner, of Marengo, and the subject for discussion in Iowa this month is "Was the World's Fair a detriment or benefit to the United States?" If you have an opinion on the subject, please express it as concisely as possible, and send it to Miss Kepner, who will forward it to me for publication, with those received from other members of the state.

C. E. Palmer, Ind.:—"In reply to Thistle I say that 'novel' means a fictitious story, and ask what are "Pilgrim's Progress, "Dairyman's Daughter' and 'Shadow Vale' but novels, and Christian novels, too."

Michigander, Mich.:—"Rocklands is one of the prettiest little towns in the the northern part of Michigan, being surrounded by hills and bluffs, and having some very romantic scenery; there are numerous copper mines adjoining it, but none working at present. I am not in favor of women's suffrage; if they were allowed to vote, they would vote with their husbands, or if they did not, it would cause trouble in their homes; so, I think the place for women on election day is at home. I would very much like to see the picture of Miss Prudence at the head of the M. G. R."

It seems to the Chaperone that there is a tiny bit of reflection on the stronger sex contained in Michigander's letter. What do the M. G. R's. think about it?

A Friend, Ind.:—"Dear M. G. R's., while you are all so happy and gay, a deep sorrow fills the hearts of our circle of young people. One of our number, a young man of nearly 21 years, was killed while crossing the railroad on his way to an Easter entertainment. He was a handsome merry boy, who made friends of everyone he met; he was kind-hearted and possessed of many excellent traits of character, which made him a favorite with all. I feel sure you will sympathize with us in his loss, and with his poor mother, who is almost heart-broken. A nature like his does more, I think, toward uplifting humanity than anything else."

Forsaken, Wis.:—"I object to Miss Prudence's cast-iron rule. The object of our organization is improvement, not perfection, and it is very discouraging to the young members, and equally so with many older ones, who have been sent back home, refused membership, because they mis-spelled a few words. How many of them will return? Few, methinks; some of the members in my neighborhood have dropped out, and quite a number will not join because of the 'cast-iron' rule! Highly educated people often mis-spell a word, I do not want the careless spellers to think I am upholding them; far from it; to them and to all I will say, endeavor to spell all words correctly, and remember 'brevity is the soul of wit,' and I don't think Miss Prudence will send any of us back home."

Now, then, the Chaperone has a word to say. What is the use of a school, Forsaken, if the pupils are allowed to follow their own sweet will in the matter of—spelling, for instance? Just so long as Miss Prudence's patience held out, and she went on correcting letters containing not 'one mis-spelled word, but dozens of them—some of them words in every day use, in conversation, in newspapers, and in every scrap of reading matter picked up by the 'uneducated classes,' just so long the letters continued to pour in; the writers not seeming to have the slightest idea of the work necessary to arrange their contributions for printing. Since the organization the Chaperone's duties have been increased so largely that it is quite impossible for her to do this unnecessary work of rewriting poorly spelt, poorly composed letters with sometimes only a tiny bit of interest in them for the readers at large. As to the falling off in membership, there were six new names registered to-day and as many old members heard from that six well spelled letters, full of interesting facts have to be left over until next week. As to the latter part of Forsaken's advice, it seems as if the Chaperone had spoken of that maxim herself!

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS, ATTENTION!

At last there is hope! The badge looms up in the near future! After the rejection of a number of specimens made and sent for approval, all involving great delay, one has finally been accepted and the order given for its manufacture. As, however, it will be some time before it can be supplied in quantities, the publishers of The Blade have decided to make the following offer to the members only of The Merry-Go-Round:

To each and all who will get for The Blade a club of 35 new subscribers for three months at ten cents each, the badge will be sent free. The names may be forwarded not less than 10 at a time, the coupon given below being enclosed with the name of the sender each time, until the number, 35, has been reached. The pin will then be mailed to the fortunate Merry-Go-Rounder.

This offer will hold good for three months from date. It gives a chance to get this beautiful badge in a very easy way, as the quick-witted young members of this organization cannot fail to see.

Not only this, but they may thus enlarge their own numbers, while, at the same time, through their friendly work and influence, they are helping The Blade to extend its circulation.

The pin is of solid silver, with a sword holding in place three leaflets upon which are M. G. R. in raised letters. In smaller characters below are the words Toledo Blade. The shape and about the size are shown in the coupon. It is a beautiful ornament and cannot fail to please. Later on, when received in sufficient numbers it will be sold at a price sufficient only to cover cost of manufacture and mailing.

JENNY WREN'S CHILDREN.

Up three pairs of winding stairs
With leafy patterns carpeted,
There you'll find, if you are not blind,
Little brown babies in a brown bed,
Whispering together some secret deep,
"Peep, peep, peep!"

Nightcap and gown of the finest down,
Crazy-quilt of sunshine and shade,
Pillows of moss and thistle-floss,
Where five little drowsy-heads lightly are laid,
Softly singing themselves to sleep,
"Peep, peep, peep!"
—Youth's Companion.

JOE'S INFLUENCE.

A cosy little apartment it was in one of the halls connected with a celebrated college. From the windows in the daytime a fine view was to be had of the many buildings, the beautiful grounds, and the pretty little lake after which the college was named. But now at night it was lit by a student lamp which cast its mellow shadow about the room, sending its glare upon the open books of the two boys who sat on opposite sides of the table. It was very quiet, for they were deep in their lessons for the morrow.

When Joe Bartlett finished his problem in geometry he laid down his instruments and yielded himself up to the home thoughts, which gave him pleasure yet saddened him at the same time. Six weeks had gone by since these two had left the same country neighborhood and come here to advance their education. Each had felt something of homesickness, and had in turn been comforted by the other. To-night it was John Martin's turn to act as comforter.

John had raised his eyes from his history and glanced across at his companion, but did not take him into his thoughts, for he was endeavoring to fasten a date in his mind. Joe could not know this, and believing that John had finished his lessons, he asked:

"What are your folks doing at home now, John?"

A slight frown came upon John's face; but taking out his silver watch and glancing at it, he replied: "Eight o'clock. They are getting ready for bed." Then he straightened himself up and resumed his study. A faint sigh came to his ears, and before beginning work he added, "What are yours doing, Joe?"

"Getting ready for bed, too, I guess," Joe answered. He would have liked to talk it all over with John; but as John went back imediately to his book Joe rose and walked over to the window.

It was a beautiful night; the moon was shining at its full, and touched with silver two or three clouds drawn out and stretching across the sky like immense feathers. A few of the

brightest stars were to be seen twinkling here and there. Below, the landscape gave back in varying degree its lights and shadows. A brilliant path stretched across the little lake, trying bravely to bridge the way to the silver moon, but broken by a dark line of wood which bounded the horizon. A million sparkling gems shone in the hollows where the early frost was forming, putting to shame the feeble efforts of the stars above.

Joe saw the picture that the night made, but did not dwell upon it. His eyes fastened on the farther end of the shining path, and it was as if he looked into his country home, so many miles away.

It was supper time as he saw it first. A great fire was burning in the open fireplace, and his father sat at the table in his shirt sleeves. Opposite was his sister pouring the tea. They talked in low, quiet tones; now it was of the day's work just done; now it was of a call some neighbor had made. Then they spoke of him and of his life at school. They did not agree on a point, and his sister rose and fetched his last letter, and reread it while the father ate.

It was later now, and the supper had been cleared away. His father sat with his slippered feet stretched toward the low-burning fire. His back was to the lamp, and when not asleep he read his weekly church paper. Near him, as Joe saw it, sat his sister, engaged upon some fancy work, and singing softly. The cat which had been stretched lazily before the fire, rose and arched its back and gaped, showing its sharp, white teeth against the rough pink of its mouth. Then it walked over to the door and mewed.

Now Joe saw a general movement in the picture he was calling up. His sister rose to let the cat out, and in so doing waked the father from a nap. The old man started, rubbed his eyes and looked at the clock.

"Most nine, Effie," he said, taking his Bible from the mantel shelf.

The needlework was immediately put away; and, after a moment's tickling of the clock, the father began to read one of the psalms of praise in his low, mellow voice. Joe fancied he could hear the very words. The whole quiet, almost sacred air of the room seemed to envelope him.

Hush! They kneel in prayer now.

Joe again seemed to hear his father's voice, as it was lifted in heart-felt thanksgiving, followed by petitions for help in daily life, even including Joe. And now it came to the youth to remember how his father's voice trembled as he spoke of the time when they should all cross the dark river to join the dear ones on the other shore.

Thinking of this, there was a lump in Joe's throat, for he dearly loved his mother. When he again thought of the home circle, he seemed to see his sister putting the last touches in the kitchen, and his father taking the lamp, but before he turned to his bedroom, stand before the life-sized crayon picture that hung upon the north wall. It was a good likeness of the lad's mother. Joe and his sister were glad that they had had it done. It had been a surprise to their father, and they knew that it was a great comfort to him now.

Slowly the father turned away and mounted the stairs which led to the chamber above, followed by the daughter; and to Joe the house seemed to stand dark and quiet for the night.

The same moon that looked down upon him was bathing that peaceful spot so precious to him in its soft light. He saw the house and barns and sheds and his father's rich rolling land spread out, with here and there a patch of timber. Just here his thoughts were broken in upon by hurrying feet, as the door was thrown open and several heads peered in.

"Come on, John."

"Come on, Joe," were the cries repeated in several voices. "Just a run down to the lake and back before we turn in for the night. It's fine out. My head is so full of angles after solving that proposition that I shan't be able to sleep unless I get the lines straight."

John had finished his history lesson, and seizing his hat and Joe's cap, which he flung across the room to its owner, he called out merrily, "Come on, my boy." Then he added in an undertone, "Joe's in the dumps."

"Is he?" cried Harry Matthews. "Well, we'll get him out of them before we are back."

They left the hall with much loud talk and boisterous laughter. The air was cool and exhilarating, and Joe felt its reviving effects at once. Charles Andrews sprang away from them, declaring that he would be the first down to the lake. The others accepted this as a challenge, and an exciting race was the result. Away they flew down the path. The harsh sound of the gravel under their feet filled the air. Now they pushed under the deep shadow of an elm. Then they dashed into the moonlight, John in the lead. Joe was pressing him hard. Now they were running side by side. A little more effort and Joe forged ahead. The lake was won now, and Joe threw himself panting on the shore.

The others came up breathing hard. Much bantering and chaffing of one another followed. They walked slowly along the margin of the lake, throwing occasionally a pebble out, breaking its glassy surface. One thing and another was proposed. The beauty of the night was intoxicating them, and a spirit of mischief was rapidly manifesting itself.

Some one mentioned Vivian Darling's name. He was the latest arrival among them, and affected dudish ways.

"Let's call him out." A start was made across the lawn in the direction of Darling's room.

"A bath in the lake would make a man of him."

They laughed and talked as they ran on, but John noticed that Joe was not with them. Turning, he saw him standing where they had left the path.

"What's the mater, Joe?" he called.

"I'm not going." Joe replied quietly. The boys stopped.

"Not going? What's

"He's a stranger; why should we disturb him more than he us?"

"Pshaw! You're afraid," declared one.

"Call it that if you like," replied Joe, moving away up the path toward their own hall. "I'll take no hand in 'college tricks,' as you call them. I'll do as I'd be done by, even here."

"Wait a minute," said John, coming to join him.

"Oh, don't spoil a little fun, now," entreated the others, following John, and all gathered about Joe.

A parley of several minutes ensued, but Joe held to his determination. John would not go without his roommate, and the others did not care to go without these two, so the matter was given up and the new comers left undisturbed. They walked by twos couples to the hall, Joe and John following the way and throwing good natured remarks over their shoulders now and then. The others had shown some resentment at first, but they quickly got over it, and all was pleasant again.

At the foot of the stairs leading to their building they passed the president of the college.

"Good evening, boys," he said pleasantly. "Out enjoying the beauties of the night?"

As they returned the courteous salutation not a boy but was glad he was on no errand of mischief upon.

Ten minutes later the various rooms were dark, and quiet reigned.

At last John said:

"Joe, are you awake?"

"Yes," came the answer.

"Well, I only wish to say that I think you were pretty brave to show your colors as you did to-night."

Joe drew a deep breath. "Yes, it takes determination to stand by a fellow, but the folks at home are expecting it of me, and I can't disappoint them."

"And my folks are expecting it of me, and I'll not disappoint them either."

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

OHIO REPUBLICANS CONVENTION.

Some of the Stirring Incidents Which Accompanied It.

Zanesville, O., May 29.—The Republican state convention was called to order here yesterday promptly at 4 p. m. by Col. Joseph C. Bonner, chairman of the state committee. A half hour previous the hall was packed to its full capacity of 5,000, and a larger number was unable to gain admittance. Senator Sherman was given a stirring ovation when he was escorted into the hall at 3:50 by Congressman VanVoorhis and Judge Granger. Ex-Secretary Foster, members of Congress, several candidates and others were cheered as they entered, so that Chairman Bonner had to rap hard for order previous to the prayer of Rev. Samuel G. Addison, of Toledo. Among the working delegates were Herman G. Dennison, son of the war governor, and Harry Garfield, son of the martyred President. On the platform were Judges West, Lawrence, Baldwin and a large number of leading Republicans. When Judge West, who was the Republican candidate for governor in 1877, was being escorted to the platform, Senator Sherman came down to greet him, and the scene occasioned a marked demonstration. While Chairman Bonner, who is a member of McKinley's staff, was eloquently congratulating the Republicans on the result of the last Ohio election and forecasting another triumph for next November in a well-set introductory speech, ex-Gov. Foraker entered the hall, and a very boisterous demonstration followed his appearance. After Chairman Bonner had made repeated efforts to secure order and proceed with his introductory remarks, ex-Gov. Foraker came to the front of the platform, and said:

"Gentlemen of the convention—I hope you will not longer disturb the deliberations of the convention. There will be time for us all to be heard before we leave Zanesville (more shouting than previously). It is a good town to stay over night in, and we will stay just as long as our business may require. At the proper time, when that will be in order, I will be very glad indeed to exchange greetings with you, but I beg for the present that you let the chairman of the central committee proceed with his speech in order to expedite the business of the convention." (Great applause.)

Even after this appeal, it was with great difficulty that Col. Bonner cut short his remarks, and introduced to the demonstrative assemblage Senator John Sherman, as the temporary chairman. Senator Sherman met the demonstrations at first with the remark that he hoped to see the Republicans of Ohio keep up such a pitch of enthusiasm till the next November election.

At the conclusion of the Senator's speech the twenty-one Congressional districts were called for members of the committees and other positions, when it was found that there were bitter contests for seats, especially in the Toledo and Springfield districts. The following committee on resolutions was appointed, and afterward organized with ex-Secretary Charles Foster as chairman:

T. W. Graydon, J. H. Bromwell, R. M. Nevin, D. L. Gaskill, R. B. Heller, George W. Hulick, George C. Rawlins, J. L. Conover, J. K. Richards, Charles H. Grosvenor, Henry C. Taylor, W. S. Kerr, H. C. Van Voorhis, Lorenzo Danford, A. S. McClure, R. W. Taylor, S. A. Northway, J. B. Burrows and H. G. Wilder, with C. P. Griffin's place contested by J. M. Ashley.

On motion of Gen. A. C. Hurst, the convention adjourned to 8 p. m.

On reassembling, the temporary organization was made permanent. The contested delegations from the Toledo and Springfield districts were not unseated. With a corresponding number of speeches the following names were presented to the convention for the nomination for governor:

J. W. Barger, J. Warren Keifer, J. H. Hoyt, George F. Nash, Robert M. Nevin, A. L. Harris and E. W. Poe. Gen. Bushnell's name was not presented by any speaker. There were 827 delegates in the convention, 414 being necessary to a choice. The first ballot resulted as follows:

Bushnell, 58; Barger, 86; Harris, 56; Hoyt, 176 1-2; Keifer, 74; Nash, 168; Nevin, 60; Poe, 146 1-2.

The second ballot resulted: Bushnell, 83; Barger, 83; Harris, 44; Hoyt, 169 1-2; Keifer, 63; Nash, 169 1-2; Nevin, 81; Poe, 133.

The third ballot for governor resulted: Bushnell, 159; Barger, 86; Harris, 27; Hoyt, 165; Keifer, 40 1-2; Nash, 199 1-2; Nevin, 78; Poe, 84.

At the end of the third ballot it was announced that the name of E. W. Poe was withdrawn.

The fourth ballot for governor resulted: Bushnell, 347; Barger, 32; Harris, 26; Hoyt, 148; Keifer, 16; Nash, 257.

Bushnell lacked only 67 votes of the nomination.

The fifth ballot for governor (414 being necessary for choice): Bushnell, 410; Harris, 5; Hoyt, 120; Keifer, 12; Nash, 279.

On the sixth ballot Gen. Asa Bushnell was nominated, receiving 509 votes; Nash, 201; Hoyt, 111. Necessary for choice, 414.

THE PLATFORM.

Ex-Secretary Foster Given Leave to Print Without Reading.

Ex-Secretary Charles Foster took the platform at midnight to read the resolutions, but the convention voted to give him leave to print, whereupon the convention adjourned to 9 a. m. to-morrow. The platform reported by the resolutions committee is as follows:

The Republicans of Ohio, in state convention assembled, congratulate the people of the country upon the signal victory in the state and congressional elections last fall, assuring a glorious national victory in 1896, and declare as follows:

We affirm our adhesion to the principles of the Republican party, as defined by the national convention in 1892, chief among which are the protective tariff restoring American wages and American products, shall prove the highest interests of American laborers and American development while providing adequate revenue for the uses of the government. Reciprocity, which, while seeking and gaining the world's markets for our surplus products, shall not lower or destroy American wages nor surrender our own markets to foreign commodities which can be produced at home.

Fair elections, based upon a free ballot and an honest count, the safeguard of American institutions, the true source of public authority.

Honest money, consisting of gold, silver and paper, every dollar as good as any other dollar, and all backed by the national faith and honor. We favor bimetallism, and demand the use of both gold and silver as standard money, either in accordance with a ratio to be fixed by an international agreement if that can be obtained, or under such restrictions and such provisions to be determined by legislation, as will secure the maintenance of the parity of values of the two metals, so that the purchasing and debt-paying power of the dollar, whether of silver, gold or paper, shall be at all times equal.

We denounce the present Democratic administration, whose vicious and vacillating course has brought distress at home and humiliation abroad. It has inaugurated a policy looking to ultimate free trade, which has deranged business, crippled our industries, distressed our homes and dealt labor a serious blow. With deplorable incompetency, it has failed to raise revenue enough to run the government, and has had to borrow, in less than two years, $162,000,000, basely to pay ordinary running expenses; selling in secret to favor foreign syndicates, the bonds of the government at prices far below their actual value.

It has lowered the flag in Hawaii, in an un-American attempt to overthrow a republic and restore a monarchy; and, with unpatriotic indifference, has suffered British troops to land in Nicaragua, in contemptuous disregard of the Monroe doctrine; by these and similar acts our country, second in power to none, has suffered a loss of respect throughout the world.

We denounce the free wool provision of the present tariff act as an unjust discrimination against an important industry, and demand such protection for sheep husbandry, as will secure fair prices for American wool.

We denounce the present administration of the Pension Bureau for its betrayal of the interests of the Union soldiers, and we pledge anew to the veterans of the republic a watchful care and a recognition of their just claim upon a grateful people.

We endorse the able, honest and business-like administration of Governor William McKinley; we are unqualifiedly in favor of biennial sessions, and endorse the action of the last General Assembly in returning to the policy of the founders of our state constitution in that regard; we commend the last General Assembly for the care and economy of its appropriations, taxing privileges and franchises enjoyed at the hands of the state, and thus relieving to that extent these burdens of taxation now resting upon the people.

Believing the proposed Nicaragua canal is needed for commercial extension and national commerce, it ought to be constructed and operated by the government of the United States, or under its protection, we commend this project to our representatives in Congress.

The election of a Republican legislature in this state next November will enable Ohio to respond to the United States Senate a Republican colleague to that grand old statesman, John Sherman, who has so long and so ably sustained the honor of Ohio as her representative in that august body. For this honorable place in the upper house of Congress, the Republicans of this state have but one candidate, and we, their representatives here assembled, give voice to that unanimous selection in naming and recommending as their choice for that position, that grand soldier, peerless orator and patriotic statesman, Joseph B. Foraker.

The people of Ohio are proud of the character and career of their distinguished friend and fellow-citizen, William McKinley. A pure, patriotic, unselfish life of public service has endeared him to the Republicans of the nation, and justly won him a place among the few chosen by popular acclaim, for high station and great leadership. Believing him to possess in an eminent degree those rare qualities of broad, wise and patriotic statesmanship, which not only fit him for victorious leadership in a great campaign, but for successful administration after election, we present William McKinley to the Republicans of the nation as a candidate for the nomination of President in 1896, and we pledge him the absolute and unswerving support of Ohio in the next national convention.

We have heard with great sorrow of the sudden and untimely death of Hon. Walter Q. Gresham, late secretary of State, and we extend to his bereaved family our sympathy and condolence.

Zanesville, May 29.—The remainder of the ticket nominated was as follows:

Lieutenant Governor—Asa W. Jones, Youngstown.

Auditor of State—W. D. Guilbert, Caldwell.

Supreme Judge—Thaddeus A. Minshall, Chillicothe.

Clerk of the Supreme Court—Josiah B. Allen, Athens.

Attorney General—Frank S. Monnett, Bucyrus.

Treasurer—Samuel B. Campbell, Steubenville.

Member of the Board of Public Works—E. L. Lybarger, Coshocton.

OHIO'S NEXT GOVERNOR.

Brief Sketch of His Business, Military and Political Life.

Springfield, May 29.—General Bushnell was born in Oneida county New York, in 1834. In 1854 he removed to Springfield, O., where he was a dry goods clerk, afterward bookkeeper. In 1866 he became interested in the firm of Warder, Bushnell & Glessner, manufacturers of harvesters, and is now the head of that firm and worth several millions. He was a captain in the civil war. He was quartermaster general on Governor Foraker's staff and chairman of the Republican state committee, when Foraker was first elected governor in 1885 ,and when Sherman secured his fifth term as Senator. He became noted in the state by ferreting out the forgeries of tally sheets at the election of 1885. He has always been the political and personal friend of Foraker and has done more than any other man to promote as well as start Foraker in public life. He was a delegate at large to the last Republican national convention at Minneapolis.

THE GRESHAM FUNERAL.

Services Were Held at the White House.

Washington, May 29.—Before 8 o'clock this morning the floral tributes to the distinguished dead began arriving at the old Pumery house overlooking Lafayette Square, in which the remains of Secretary of State Gresham lay. Only a few pieces, however, were received there. Most of them were sent to the White House where the service was to take place.

The casket lay in the drawing room looking out upon the public square. Secretary and Mrs. Lamont, First Assistant Postmaster General Jones, ex-Secretary of the Treasury Bristow and Mrs. Bristow, and a few other intimate friends were with the sorrowing and stricken family. Mrs. Gresham, broken in spirit, exhausted by her long vigils and overcome with grief, was in such a nervous state, that her daughter and son prevailed upon her not to undertake the trying ordeal of attending the services at the White House.

At 8:30 o'clock the doors were all closed and the stricken family were left alone with their dead. For almost thirty minutes they remained taking their last leave. Meantime, without, the preparations were being made for the military burial.

At 9:15 President Cleveland arrived in the White House carriage, accompanied by Col. Wilson. A moment later Secretary Morton and Postmaster General Wilson arrived in their carriages, followed by Secretary Smith on foot. The casket had been closed, and the President and members of his cabinet were given no opportunity to view the remains.

At exactly 9:30 five red coated trumpeters marched up Lafayette Place and stationed themselves outside the line of mounted police to give the signal when the cortege departed. Thirty seconds later the hearse drawn by two coal-black horses drew up at the door. The President and cabinet officers and pall bearers descended the steps and stood with uncovered heads while the eight artillery men carried the casket with slow and solemn tread between them. The casket was shrouded completely in the folds of an American flag. The stars and stripes could hardly be discovered for the flowers banked upon the casket. The artillerymen walked beside the hearse as it drew away, halting at the corner until the President and the members of his official family in their carriages had taken up their positions ahead.

The funeral procession, preceded by a squad of mounted police, moved slowly down Lafayette Place, followed on either side by policemen, behind whom were thousands of people, many who bowed and uncovered heads. Here and there a tear trickled down the cheek of one who had known and felt the kindness of him who was now to be laid to rest. The procession swept around the great bronze statue of Lafayette at the corner of the square, and up the broad avenue to the steps of the White House.

The east room, where the funeral ceremonies were held, was elaborately festooned for the solemn occasion. The windows were hung with Stars and Stripes, and each of the many mantels was hid by huge flags. Seats were reserved for the immediate kinsfolk and relatives of the dead man, for the President and Mrs. Cleveland, and for the members of the Cabinet and their wives. Within this solemn, black robed circle, stood the standards for the catafalque, resting on a large black seal rug. At the upper end of the place where the catafalque was to rest stood a large wreath bearing the cards of the President and Mrs. Cleveland. Conspicuous for its rare beauty was the floral tribute from the foreign representatives in Washington. It was a large crescent wreath of orchids, lilies of the valley, American beauty roses and carnations, tied with a bow of wide ribbon, with the words "Diplomatic Corps" in gold letters thereon.

When Bishop Hurst stepped forward a hush fell upon the company, and the clear voice of the clergyman rang out with the words: "I am the resurrection and the life."

The services were remarkably simple and free from ostentation. It was the full burial service of the Methodist Episcopal church. The bishop read selections from the different parts of the Scriptures, the 39th Psalm, the 90th Psalm, and the 15th capter of the First Corinthians. Then a quartette stationed at one side, sang sweetly Cardinal Newman's hymn: "Lead Kindly Light."

Again the bishop read a few verses from the Scriptures and the funeral prayer and then the services closed with the Lord's prayer and a blessing. The entire service lasted 15 minutes.

The march to the B. & O. depot was made much in the same order as the procession to the White House, save that the stricken widow joined the mournful assemblage as it was being seated in the special train.

Fully 200,000 People Attended the Obsequies.

Chicago, May 31.—The remains of Walter Q. Gresham were laid in the vault in Oakwood cemetery yesterday, there to remain until the members of his family have decided upon a place of final interment, either in Oakwood or in some other cemetery of Chicago.

Never in Chicago since the day when the dead body of Abraham Lincoln was carried through its streets has Chicago testified so fully her grief for

At one side of the vault were drawn up squadrons of the famous "Fighting" Seventh Cavalry, and in the background were the dark blue ranks of the Fifteenth Infantry. They stood motionless at present arms, and when the last of the commitment service was over the buglers of the Seventh stepped forward, raised their bugles and in clear notes sounded "taps." No other military honors were given and the tributes to which the exalted rank and eminent services of the dead man so justly entitled him were at the wish of his family dispensed with. In fact, none were needed, for the fame of the manly man, who had shone as a soldier, a jurist, and a cabinet minister, is secured with the people who loved him well.

The train bearing the President and party arrived at Woodlawn station at 2:05 o'clock, and it started on the return trip at 3:54 o'clock. The stay of the distinguished company in Chicago was, therefore, less than two hours.

CONFEDERATTE MONUMENT.

The Dedication Marked the Blending of Two Great Sections.

Chicago, May 31.—In one corner of Oakwoods cemetery there have stood for many years many rows of short white stones, which mark the last resting places of six thousand men, who, in the days between '61 and '65, wore the Confederate gray, and who far from their homes and friends sealed with their lives their devotion to the "Lost Cause." To-day there stands above those lowly stones of white, a tall and beautiful monument, erected partly by the sons of the Southland and partly by men of the North.

Yesterday above those grass grown mounds the grizzled veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic, and the white-haired warriors of the South clasped hands and realized that the war is over. The roses of the North fell in profusion on the graves of Confederate dead, and over the resting places of many of those who wore the blue were scattered the magnolia blossoms of the South, and that by the hands of men who had fiercely sought in battle the lives of the silent sleepers who lay below. The dedication of the Confederate monument yesterday marked such a blending, or rather such an eradication of the two great sections as the nation has rarely seen before. These men who so often had stood against each other in the shock of battle stood yesterday with tear-dimmed eyes, while the cannon which had borne their part on both sides of the fratricidal struggle, and which will now stand around the monument were spiked and forever silenced by the fair hands of women.

There were love and tears for all—for Federal and Confederate, for friend and foe. There were flowers, garlands for all, and if in the chance of war, the man in blue had won the laurel while the willow was left for those in gray, no one yesterday perceived any distinction in the honors given to the memories of the departed warriors. Laurel and willow were intertwined and so enwreathed were laid on grave and hung on monument, and no one asked, when decorating each grassy mound, what uniform he wore who rested beneath.

A notable feature of the journey into the cemetery was the welcome which the great ex-Confederates received at the gate, where they were met by the George H. Thomas Post, G. A. R., which wheeled about and escorted them to the monument.

"ROCK OF CHICKAMAUGA."

George H. Thomas Post at Chicago Provide a Significant Reminder.

Chicago, May 31.—General George H. Thomas Post, No. 5, dedicated a unique and appropriate monument in Rose Hill cemetery yesterday, to the memory of the great soldier whose name the post bears. The monument stands in the center of the lot recently purchased by the post for the burial of its dead. It is a great rock of granite signifying the "Rock of Chickamauga," the title which Gen. Thomas earned at that famous engagement.

The members of the Thomas post, which is now the largest in the G. A. R., conducted the exercises. The dedicatory oration was delivered by Gen. John C. Black, United States district attorney at Chicago, and commissioner of pensions during President Cleveland's first administration.

The monument is eleven feet nine inches high, and weighs 33,900 pounds. On one side is a polished surface which bears the inscription: "General George H. Thomas post, G. A. R., Department of Illinois. Erected 1894. Membership, 1,272." On the top of the stone are the words: "The Rock of Chickamauga."

BETTER THAN A STRIKE.

Chicago Steel Workers Investigating Wages in the East.

Pittsburg, May 31.—Five men representing the Illinois Steel company, of Chicago, are in the city looking up wages; they are L. P. Robinson, John Leigh, John McCoy, Joseph Fowler, and Frank Kilts. They are a joint committee from the company and its employes. The recent increase in the wages of steel mill employes here has had its effect in the West. The Illinois men demanded a raise, but were met with the statement that they are getting as much money as the men here. To settle the matter the company offered to leave it to a committee of five selected by the men. This committee will visit all the mills in this city, Johnstown, Harrisburg, Baltimore, and Youngstown, and secure the rate of wages paid. Whatever this report shall be will settle the question in Chicago.

GOV. M'KINLEY IN BROOKLYN.

Given a Reception at Montauk Club Thursday Night.

Brooklyn, N. Y., May 31.—Governor McKinley, of Ohio, was given a reception last night at the Montauk club. The affair was under the auspices of U. S. Grant Post, No. 327, G. A. R., upon whose invitation Governor McKinley in the afternoon delivered a memorial address at the tomb of General Grant at Riverside. The governor arrived at the club house shortly after 8 p. m., accompanied by President Charles A. Moore. There were about 300 guests present, in addition to the members of the Grant Post, who were under the command of Lieutenant P. Smith. The reception was entirely informal, there being on addresses of speech-making whatever, and the affair resolved itself merely into an occasion of introduction, general handshaking and congratulations.

Durant Arraigned.

San Francisco, May 30.—Theodore Durant was arraigned in the Superior court for the murder of Blanche Lamont and Minnie Williams, pleading not guilty in each case. Both trials were set for July 22, the district attorney electing to try the defendant first for the murder of Blanche Lamont. Counsel for the defense gave notice that they would probably apply for a change of venue.

The Seal Catch.

Victoria, B. C., May 30.—The total seal catch on the North Pacific coast will not exceed 6,000. With one or two exceptions all the schooners that have been sealing on the coast have returned and their total catch, as given by the custom house, is 6,124, but from this has to be deducted 600 skins taken in the South Pacific by the schooner Director.

More "Pine Top" Trouble.

Columbia, S. C., May 31.—From good authority it is learned that yesterday evening Governor Evans issued an order to the dispensary constabulary directing them to seize all liquor they may find. No direct information or copy of the order can be obtained, the governor being out of town.

THE STEAMER COLIMA LOST.

Only Nineteen Are Known to be Saved—Meager Details.

San Francisco, May 29.—The steamship Colima, with 182 persons aboard, including passengers and crew, foundered off the coast of Mexico on Monday. Fourteen passengers and five members of the crew reached Manzanilla, Mexico yesterday, and gave the first information of the vessel's fate. Whether the remainder of the pasengers and crew escaped in small boats or went down with the ship is not known.

The Colima sailed from San Francisco on the 18th for Panama and way ports. She carried 112 passengers, forty in the cabin and 38 whites and 46 Chinese in the steerage; the officers and crew numbered 70, making in all 182 people on board the steamer.

The Colima was a single screw propeller, with an iron hull. She was built in 1873 at Chester, Pa., by John Roach & Sons. Her tonnage was 2,909 gross and 2,143 net; her horse power 1,100 and her speed 11 1-2 knots. This was her 129th voyage to Panama. She carried about 2,000 tons of cargo and was valued at $103,000.

Details of the Wreck.

San Francisco, June 1.—An Examiner special from Mazatlin says: The steamer San Juan has arrived here with 51 passengers picked up on Tuesday from the wreck of the Colima. From them your correspondent has learned some of the particulars of the dreadful disaster which they say happened on Monday at noon when the Colima was about 28 miles out of Manzanillo and ten miles from shore.

All the rescued are badly bruised. They were all picked up from pieces of wreckage and rafts with the exception of A. J. Sutherland who had clung to a boat after it had capsized five times and drowned all the other occupants.

As all was afloat, lashed by the fiercest gales of years and buffeted by the angry seas for about 24 hours they are hardly yet in a condition to tell a connected story of the wreck and the experiences of their escape, but many interesting particulars have been obtained.

When the storm struck the steamer she made bad weather of it, the captain having great difficulty in keeping her head to the seas. The wind increased in fury until it is said to have been the fiercest storm known along this coast in twenty years. The sea rose rapidly, waves washed the vessel and started the deck load. As the waves rose and the storm increased the managing of the steamer became impossible. At last, about noon, her head could no longer be kept up and she breached to. Once in the trough of the sea a mighty wave struck her and she was thrown on her beam ends.

This wave struck her with such force that the steamer trembled as if she had run upon a reef and most of the passengers thought this the cause of the shocks.

The gale tore part of the deckload of lumber from its fastenings and whirled the heavy planks about with appalling violence. Many were struck and maimed. At least one passenger was killed by having his head crushed by one of the flying timbers.

All the passengers praise the captain for his coolness and heroism. The last they saw of him he stood at his post, the waves and the winds dashing water and debris all about him, and the wail of that whistle will sound through their dreams for years to come. The Colima is in 600 fathoms of water. The location where she went down is given as 18 degrees, 35 minute latitude, longitude 104 degrees 14 minutes west.

THAT DEPEW DINNER.

Harrison, McKinley and Morton There, but Not Reed.

New York, May 30.—Chauncey M. Depew gave a harmony dinner at his residence last night to a number of leaders of the Republican party. Among those present were: Ex-President Harrison, Governor McKinley, Governor Morton, Senator Thomas Carter, E. H. Butler, of the Buffalo News, Senator Elkins, Mayor Strong, ex-Senator Warner Miller, ex-Senator Thomas C. Platt, ex-Senator Frank Hiscock, F. S. Witherbe, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Gen. Porter, Commissioner Theodore Roosevelt, D. O. Mills, Lieutenant Governor Saxton, State Senator Joseph Mullen, Gen. Samuel Thomas, Congressman J. J. Belden, Commissioner W. Brookfield, Judge W. H. Robertson, Cornelius N. Bliss, Hamilton Fish, and Col. Fred Grant.

Early in the evening Mr. Depew made this statement:

"It's just a quiet sociable dinner, and there will be no speechmaking or anything of the sort. I never make speeches in my own house.

"What could be more natural than that the friend of ex-President Harrison (the only living ex-President), and the man who nominated him, should give a dinner in his honor, and invite all the Republican leaders he could reach? The idea first occurred to me last Friday, and I immediately started to carry it out. To those who were in town the invitations were sent by hand and mail, and to those out of town by telegraph. Only one of the gentlemen invited sent a refusal, and that was because of illness. Congressman Thomas B. Reed was in the Maine woods, and could not be reached.

"I intended to keep the matter secret, but some of those who were invited must have let it out."

FAMILY OF JOHN BROWN.

Four of His Children Buried in Summit County.

Akron, O., May 30.—The following epitaph found in the East Richfield cemetery, Summit county, O., is of historic interest:

Charles Brown, died September 11, 1843, aged six years.

Austin Brown, died September 21, 1843, aged one year.

Peter Brown, died September 22, 1843, aged three years.

Sarah Brown, died September 23, 1843, aged nine years.

Children of John and Mary Brown.

Through all the dreary night of death,
In peaceful slumbers may you rest.

The above were children of John Brown, of Harper's Ferry fame.

SHOULD BE CAREFUL.

Veterans Urged to Settle in Georgia Should Obtain Clear Titles.

Indianapolis, May 31.—Thomas G. Lawler, of Illinois, comander-in-chief of the G. A. R., has issued general order No. 11 to G. A. R. posts, a copy of which was received here to-day by the Indiana department. The order has to do with the scheme to colonize old soldiers in Georgia, where land inducements are offered by the parties at the head of the movement. The uncertain title of much of the land in Georgia has moved the commander-in-chief to urge upon the old soldiers the necessity of a clear title before investing their money. The Indiana department is spreading the order without comment.

A TEN DAYS' DEBATE.

Hoar and "Coin" Will Talk Finance to a Finish.

Chicago, May 30.—Hon. Roswell G. Horr has asked Lyman J. Gage, president of the First National bank, to act as his referee during the debate between him and W. H. Harvey (author of Coin). Mr. Gage has accepted, and the Union League Club has tendered its rooms. The debate will probably last ten days. Stenograph notes of the debate will be taken and given to the press for publication. The date has not been decided upon. Howard S. Taylor, Harvey's referee, will meet Mr. Gage today and decide upon the preliminaries.

FOR AN EIGHT-HOUR DAY.

Pennsylvania Workmen Organize the Union Labor League.

Pittsburg, June 8.—The Union Labor League of Western Pennsylvania was organized here last night out of 40 local labor organizations with a membership of 25,000. President William J. Smith, of the Flint Glass Workers, was elected president of the organization. The object of the league is to establish an eight hour day, and increase the price of labor. The object is to make Pittsburg the headquarters for all national labor organizations.

M'KINLEY AT NEW YORK.

His Tribute to the Fighting and Retired Soldier.

New York, May 31.—Twenty thousand people were present at General Grant's tomb yesterday when Governor McKinley, of Ohio, rose to deliver the oration at the Memorial day exercises, held under the auspices of the U. S. Grant Post, No. 327, G. A. R. Governor Morton, accompanied by his staff, and looking none the worse for his fainting fit in the early part of the day, was loudly cheered as he walked up the steps of the grand stand. The earliest of the prominent arrivals was Governor McKinley, who was warmly greeted. Immediately afterwards Mrs. Grant came in a carriage with her son. Fred D. Grant, Mrs. Fred D. Grant, and their son, Ulysses D. Grant. Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Fred D. Grant were in mourning.

Over the temporary tomb of General Grant waved the national flag, at half-mast. A magnificent floral pillar crowned with red, white and blue phymes was among the floral decorations which literally smothered the mausoleum.

Governor McKinley's Address.

"Did you ever seriously reflect what it means to be a fighting soldier? Many insincere people preach and profess patriotism, but the true patriot practices it. What is true patriotism? It is an absolute consecration to the country. It is an abandonment of home, family, and business; it is turning away from cherished plans which have been fondly formed for a life's career; it is the surrendering of bright prospects and the giving up of ambition in a chosen work; it is the sundering of the ties of blood and family and almost the snapping of the heartstrings which bind up to those we love; it is the surrendering of ourselves absolutely to the demands of the country; it may mean disease contracted by the exposure of wounds in battle; it may mean imprisonment, insanity, or death; it may mean hunger, thirst, and starvation. In our civil war it meant all of these."

Continuing, Governor McKinley touched upon the heroism that was displayed in Southern prison pens, in hospitals, and on the battlefields of the rebellion, and added: "Don't tell me that men who were thus willing to give up their lives for their country would now bankrupt or discredit the government which they were willing to give their life blood to save. It is that patriotism which is above price. It is not merchandise for barter; it cannot be bought, for it is not in the market. There are some things that money cannot buy, thank God, and true patriotism is one of them. The blood of half a million men was shed in the fearful conflict to preserve the Union. Aye, more, there are men to-day by the tens of thousands who are suffering from disease contracted in the service of their country, and as many more thousands carry with them wounds from which they suffer every hour in the day, and some of them are in distressing poverty. Our asylums contain many of the poor fellows whose hard service has dethroned their reason or unbalanced their minds forever. The demands of patriotism meant for many wives widowhood, for many children orphanage. They took from many a mother her sole support, the love of who son upon whose strong arm and heart she counted in her declining years. And how bravely those wives and mothers accepted the sacrifices. Can we," said he, "ever cease to be debtors to these men? Is there anything in reason they are not worthy to receive at our hands? Is there any emolument too great for them. Is there any benefaction too beautiful? Is there any obligation too lasting or too sacred. Is there any honor too distinguished which a loving people can bestow that they ought not to receive? What the nation is or what the nation may become we owe to them. If there is one of these fighting patriots sick at heart and discouraged, the cheerful and the strong, who are the beneficiaries of his valor, should comfort and console him. If there is one who is sick and suffering from his wounds the best skill and the most tender nursing should wait upon him."

Governor McKinley colorized the character of General Grant. "The hero of Belmont, Shiloh, Donelson, Vicksburg, Lookout Mountain, the Wilderness, Petersburg and Appomattox," said the orator, "he may well be called the 'unconditional victor.'"

General Grant's career from the time he left his shop in Galena until his death at Mount McGregor was hurriedly but graphically outlined. "General Grant," said Governor McKinley, "stood in his civil station battling for the legal fruits of war, that they may be firmly secured to the living and to their posterity forever. His arm was never lifted against the right; his soul abhorred the wrong. His veto of the inflation bill, his organization of the Geneva arbitration commission to settle the claims of the United States against England, his strong but conciliatory foreign policy, his constant care to have no policy against the will of the people, his enforcement of the constitution and his maintenance in every part of the republic, his faith at home and abroad, marked his administration as strong, wise and patriotic.

"Every soldiers' monument in the North now standing or hereafter to be erected will record his worth and work, as well as those of the men who fought by his side. His most lasting memorial will be the work he did, the most enduring monument the Union, which he and his associates saved, and the priceless liberty they secured. We are not a nation of hero-worshipers. We are a nation of generous freemen. We bow in affectionate reverence and with the most grateful hearts to those immortal names, Washington, Lincoln and Grant, and all who were associated with them, and will guard with sleepless vigilance their mighty works and cherish their memories evermore."

GOVERNOR MORTON'S SUNSTROKE.

It May Affect His Presidential Candidacy, as With Blaine.

New York, May 31.—Chauncey M. Depew was much affected when he heard of Governor Morton being overcome by the heat. The reporter who saw him asked whether it would have any effect upon Governor Morton's Presidential aspirations.

"It may have, indeed," said Mr. Depew; "it probably will. The case is very analogous to that of Mr. Blaine, who had a sunstroke. If you will remember, in 1876 on Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, and that sunstroke was the beginning of all his physical troubles. Before that he had been a strong and vigorous man. I hope that this will prove to have been nothing but a slight weakness brought on by the heat, but at the governor's age it may prove serious."

TO HARNESS NIAGARA.

Chicagoan Ready to Buckle the Straps if Given Permission.

Buffalo, May 31.—Alonzo C. Mather, of Chicago, is in the city in connection with the power bridge which is to be constructed across the Niagara river here and which is to be used to furnish electric power by means of immense turbine wheels to be driven by the river current.

For years Mr. Mather has held firmly to the opinion that the current of Niagara river at Buffalo could be utilized and made to produce practically unlimited power. The bridge, if the bill authorizing it becomes a law, will be constructed under positive guarantee from Mr. Mather that it will prove no obstruction to navigation. It will have a draw 200 feet or more in length, and besides affording a means of almost unlimited power will have footpaths, carriage ways and tracks for trolley cars.

MICHIGAN SOLONS ADJOURN.

The Hanging Law Left Hanging by the House of Representatives.

Lansing, Mich., May 29.—The Michigan legislature adjourned sine die at 12:45 a. m., after five months' session. The usual disorderly and hurried scenes accompanied the wind up of the legislators' labors.

Before adjournment the House of Representatives made a second futile attempt to pass the capital punishment bill. Inasmuch as it last week passed the Senate its escape from enactment by but four votes yesterday is the subject of congratulation by its opponents. The vote stood 47 yeas, 47 nays.

KANSAS TO BLEED AGAIN.

Prohibition Battle to be Fought Anew This Year.

Topeka, Kan., June 1.—Prohibition Kansas is to again be the scene of a lively fight against the traffic in liquor. For many months past investigating committees have reported that the prohibition laws were being enforced in an extremely lax manner, where enforced at all, while in many cities saloons ran practically wide open and the officials not even made a show of closing them. The state temperance union, which has taken the most active part in these investigations, today issued a call for a big mass meeting at Topeka, July 4, to take some action to call a halt in the present state of affairs.

ORGANIZED FOR TROUBLE.

Colorado Cattlemen Forbid Sheep Owners Coming Their Way.

Denver, June 3.—The cattle growers of Eagle, Routt and Garfield counties in Northwestern Colorado at a joint meeting have adopted resolutions positively forbidding the sheep owners from driving their sheep through that country. The cattle men are well organized and determined, and there will be serious trouble if Mr. Jack Edwards, of Wyoming, persists in his purpose of driving his flock of 40,000 sheep south to the Rio Grande railroad instead of north to the Union Pacific.

BANQUETED BY HASTINGS.

Johnstown Flood Correspondents Observe Its Sixth Anniversary.

Pittsburg, June 1.—Yesterday was the sixth anniversary of the Johnstown flood and a large delegation of newspaper men from here left on a special train for Harrisburg, where the Johnstown Flood Correspondents' association were banqueted by Governor Hastings. At the time of the flood the governor was adjutant general of the state, and was in charge of the relief work. At Johnstown there was no demonstration except the decoration of a number of victims of the flood.

OHIO MINERS AT WORK.

Expected That All Will be Working This Week.

Akron, O., June 3.—Nearly all the 2,000 miners of Wadsworth, Silver Creek and Doylestown, sub-districts, also Summit county, returned to work to-day at 51 cents. It is expected that all will resume work this week.

May Close Des Moines Saloons.

Des Moines, Ia., June 1.—The Supreme court has decided the mulct saloon law case of the state vs. the Ashert and Savoy hotel company, throwing the burden of proof of sufficiency of petitions under the law upon the saloon men. Saloons here may have to close.

Moving to Gray Gables.

Buzzard's Bay, Mass., June 4.—All of the baggage of President Cleveland's family has arrived at Gray Gables, accompanied by most of the servants, and William Sinclair, the President's steward at the capital. The President's horses have also arrived.

FOREIGN.

LATEST FROM HAWAII.

Annexation is the Favored Idea of All Classes.

Omaha, Neb., June 3.—Major Mortimer Higley, of Cedar Rapids, Ia., is en route from Hawaii. Higley is an intimate friend of President Dole and has been in the republic some time, and asserts that the life of the present administration is very limited unless some of the powers come to its rescue. He says: "They have a thoroughly organized republic in every particular, but the more intelligent ones realize that it is a provisional one, necessarily.

"The sentiment in favor of annexation is strong. The most kindly feelings are cherished towards the United States among the natives as well as among the rest of the population. I predict that if the United States does not annex the islands, Japan will. You know what the effect of the late war was on Japan. It made her jubilant and self-confident. She has 40,000 citizens in the island who have settled there. Besides the Japanese are restless under the Hawaiian government because the government does not allow the orientals to participate in public affairs. The balance of the population, however, are allowed to vote, with some property and educational limitations.

"Yes, I think that if the United States does not take control of these islands during the course of the next administration, Japan will. But I think that the Hawaiians realize the complexity of the problem and are in favor of coming in as a territory and not as a state. President Dole, of the republic, told me that he is in favor of annexation, as the republic must have the support of a strong power and many of the most prominent royalists are also, including Cummings, the leader of the rebellion, who is now under $30,000 bonds, and the English guardian of Princess Kaiulani, who has been a pronounced royalist, has lately expressed himself to the effect that annexation is the only salvation for the islanders. In the United States we have many Hawaiian exiles. They are unanimously in favor of annexation, as it would result in the restoration of their rights."

MARTI STILL LIVES.

Death of the Cuban Leader Again Denied by His Friends.

Tampa, Fla., June 3.—The steamer arriving from Cuba last night brought no news. Col. Fernandino Figuerro, at 8 o'clock last night, received a telegram from Benjamin Guerra, treasurer of the revolutionary party in New York, stating: "Marti lives, Cuba will be free."

Figuerrardo made it public, and in a few minutes several hundred Cubans were rejoicing. Later at Ybor City, Colonel Figuerredo, Martin Herrera, Jose Buttare, Louis Cruz and Mrs. Carolina Rodriguez delivered appropriate addresses to about a thousand Cubans.

TROUBLE IN FORMOSA.

Viceroy of Formosa Has Rebelled Against China.

London, May 29.—A special to the Pall Mall Gazette published this afternoon from its correspondent at Shanghai says that alarming rumors are current at Shanghai. It is stated that a renewal of hostilities is imminent. The viceroy of Formosa is said to have rebelled against the government of Pekin. The Japanese ships are reported to have been cleared for action, and the French ships at Tamsui, Formosa, are also said to have been prepared for action. In addition rumors of Russian intervention are current at Shanghai and steamers have been ordered to Tien Tsin with provisions in view of the probability of Russian hostility.

Who Prompted the Republic.

London, May 31.—The Times to-day publishes a dispatch from Hong Kong giving details regarding the trouble on the island of Formosa. They show that the action which resulted in the island declaring itself a republic was prompted by the Chang-Chi-Tong party, as oppos

WASHINGTON.

UNCLE SAM'S DEBTS.

Owes a Trifle Less Than He Did a Month Ago.

Washington, June 3.—The public debt statement, issued Saturday by the Treasury Department, shows the debt of the United States yesterday less cash in the Treasury to be $912,383,292. This does not take in account $573,366,743 in certificates and treasury notes outstanding, against which there is an equal amount of cash in the Treasury. The debt on May 31 is therefore $5,886,611 less than on April 30.

Following is the recapitulation of the debt: Interest-bearing debt, $716,202,010; increase for month, $100; debt on which interest has ceased since maturity, $1,784,920; decrease, $19,740. Debt bearing no interest, $379,836,461; decrease, $64,737, making a total debt of $1,097,783,392.

The cash in the Treasury is classified as follows: Gold, $147,690,977; silver, $511,682,560; paper, $31,715,406; bonds, disbursing officers' balances, etc., $16,483,720, against which there are demand liabilities amounting to $812,103,654, leaving a cash balance in the Treasury of $185,370,100.

A statement of the receipts and expenditures of the government during the month of May shows receipts as follows: Customs, $12,474,558; receipts same month last year, $9,798,067; internal revenue, $10,754,053, last year $12,041,960; miscellaneous, $2,272,078, last year, $1,226,976. Total, $25,272,078, against $23,066,994 last year.

The receipts for the eleven months of the present fiscal year are $287,694,693, against $270,474,410 for the same period last year. The disbursements for May amount to $28,558,213, which makes the deficit for the month $3,236,135, and for the eleven months $46,757,495.

The amount of national bank notes outstanding is $211,388,029, an increase for the month of $1,759,106, and for the last twelve months of $4,237,347. The circulation bases the United States bonds amounts to $184,963,578, an increase for the month of $2,435,254, and for the twelve months of $4,450,330. The circulation secured by lawful money aggregates $26,631,434, a decrease for the month of $676,148, and for the year of $212,983. The amount of registered bonds on deposit to secure public deposits $15,278,000.

During May there was $4,163,937 of gold coined, and $440,503 of silver. The minor coinage amounted to $87,510. Of the silver coinage $150,180 was in standard dollars.

COLOMBIA'S LITTLE BILL.

She Would Not Reciprocate and We Proceeded to Retaliate.

Washington, June 1.—Gen. Rengiffo, the representative here of the republic of Colombia, expects to be authorized by his government to present a claim against the United States for damages sustained by Colombia by reason of President Harrison's proclamation of tariff retaliation. It is based on the retaliatory proclamation issued shortly before the close of the last administration.

Secretary Blaine had effected reciprocity treaties with most of the South and Central American republics. But Colombia and a few other countries refused to make such treaties. They were warned that if they held out against reciprocity they would be retaliated against. This failed to affect an arrangement. Thereupon, at the suggestion of Secretary of State John W. Foster, who had succeeded Mr. Blaine, President Harrison proclaimed discriminating tariff rates against the coffee, hides, sugar and molasses of Colombia.

This practically ruined the trade of Colombia, as her coffee and hides could not be sent to this country against the competition of Brazil, Mexico and other countries which enjoyed freedom from duties under their reciprocity treaties. These exports to the United States reached about 5,000,000 pesos (a peso being worth about 45 cents), but immediately after the proclamation they fell to almost nothing.

Colombia protested against this retaliation, claiming that the most favored nation clause of the treaty with the United States protected her against tariff discrimination. Secretary Foster and the Colombian minister, Hurtado, carried on a sharp and very personal correspondence, and the minister finally left Washington with the statement that he would not return until a settlement was effected. No settlement was ever made and the submission of Colombia's claim for losses sustained will be the result.

POLYGAMIST IMMIGRANTS.

They Declare Their Intentions, but Can They be Stopped?

Washington, June 3.—An interesting question has arisen in the Treasury department which involves the legal meaning of the word polygamist. Commissioner General Stump, of the Immigration bureau, has received applications for the admission into this country of Robert Stevenson, his wife Kate, Barbara Hunter, Lizzie Naylor and seven children. These immigrants recently arrived at Quebec, Canada, from Glasgow, Scotland, and in their affidavit state that they are Mormons in religion and full believers in polygamy, and that each intends to practice polygamy if so inclined, on reaching their destination, Salt Lake City. The question involved is whether belief in polygamy itself, and in the absence of proof of any polygamous acts, brings the party within the inhibition of the law declaring that polygamists shall not be admitted into this country. Acting Secretary Wike has the subject under consideration. Mr. Stump is of the opinion that the parties should be debarred admission.

Salt Lake, June 1.—John Beck, a prominent and wealthy Mormon was indicted by the United States grand jury yesterday for unlawful cohabitation. Mr. Beck is president of the Beck Bullion Mining company. This is the first arrest since the manifesto against polygamy was issued by the authorities four years ago.

THE NATIONAL DEFICIT

Will be Smaller for June, but Look Out for July.

Washington, June 3.—Treasury officials are now confident that the close of the fiscal year one month hence will show a deficit of not more than $44,000,000, and possibly not more than $43,000,000, which is at least $5,000,000 less than was predicted only a few weeks ago, and $3,000,000 or $4,000,000 less than the present figures. It is shown that the pension payments during June will be at least $2,500,000 less than for May, and that the payments on account of interest will also be reduced $1,500,000. With an increase from internal revenue of $3,000,000 on account of receipts from special liquor, tobacco and oleomargerine licenses, which must be paid before July 1, and very material reductions in pension and interest payments, it is confidently expected that next month will show a small surplus, with the deficit further reduced to at least $44,000,000. The month of July, however, is likely to see the deficit increased by at least $10,000,000, as that month's interest payments will aggregate about $7,000,000. Disbursements in every branch of the government are usually much heavier in July than in any other months, so that without the receipts are greatly increased the deficit on August 1 next will not likely fall much short of $55,000,000 for the thirteen months.

THE DEMOCRATIC TARIFF.

August 28, Last.

Changes in Duties Took Effect on

Washington, June 3.—Chief Justice Fuller handed down the opinion of the Supreme Court in the case of the United States vs. Burr & Hardwick, involving the date when the present tariff law went into effect. The decision was that this did not occur until August 28, 1894, when the bill became a law notwithstanding the law itself fixed the date as August 1.

The case was regarded by the court as one of great importance, and by special arrangement was advanced to a speedy hearing. The government won.

Justice Gray announced the decision of the court in the case of Henry Hilton and others vs. Guyot, Liquidator of the estate of Fortin & Co., involving the validity of foreign judgments, reversing the decision of the court below and remanding the case for trial in the Circuit Court of the Southern district of New York. Chief Justice Fuller and Justices Harlan, Brewer and Jackson dissented, the court then standing five to four, the majority being Gray, Field, Brown, Shiras and White. Justice Gray also announced the decision in

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

the Ritchie case affirming the decision of the court below. This was a case involving the validity of the judgment of a Canadian court.

OLNEY FOR PREMIER.

The Attorney-General to Take Gresham's Vacant Place.

Washington, June 4.—Attorney-General Richard Olney, of Massachusetts, who has been frequently mentioned as the probable successor of the late Judge Gresham, will be the next Secretary of State.

This was decided at a meeting at the White House yesterday, and it will be formally ratified and announced at the Cabinet meeting this afternoon. Up to 12 o'clock to-day the Cabinet meeting was busy with other matters, and the question of Mr. Gresham's successor was not brought up.

The entire Cabinet was not consulted at the informal meeting yesterday, at which this matter was finally decided upon by the President. Mr. Cleveland drove in from Woodley yesterday forenoon, and Secretaries Carlisle and

RICHARD OLNEY.

Lamont were summoned to the White House. After they had held a long conference, the President dispatched a messenger for Mr. Olney, and tendered him the portfolio of State. Mr. Olney, needless to say, readily accepted the appointment.

Familiar With Details.

In selecting Mr. Olney as the successor of Secretary Gresham, the President has chosen the member of his Cabinet who more than any other has been familiar with the details of the foreign policy of the administration. The Attorney General is the one member of the Cabinet who at all times when any intricate question of law or of diplomacy has been involved, has been taken into the full confidence of the President with the Secretary of State. It has been upon the Attorney-General, in fact, that the President has relied for legal advice as to all important subjects connected with the foreign policy of the administration.

The acceptance by Mr. Olney of this new portfolio will not surprise his friends. The repeated rumors that he had tired of Cabinet service and contemplated resigning never had foundation. At the time when these rumors were most frequent he had made arrangements to continue his residence in this city for the remainder of this administration. It is known to be a fact that Mr. Olney during the first year of the administration was disappointed with the character of the duties which custom has imposed upon the Attorney-General.

Mr. Olney was amazed to discover that, under some administrations of his department, the attorney general, as a lawyer representing the interests of the government, was almost unknown to the justices of the Supreme court, and that it had been the solicitor general who to them was the representative of the United States. It was because of this that, at the beginning of the administration, the women in Congress found the Massachusetts attorney general somewhat brisque and said so. He did not like to meet the place hunters and did not care to conceal his dislike, or had not the political tact to hide it.

He Will be Secretary.

It is hardly probable that Mr. Olney will divest himself of a chief function of the state department, or permit himself to be divested of it, as Judge Gresham did. The late secretary of state claimed to have nothing to do with the appointments under his department, whether of ministers, ambassadors or consuls. For the first year of the administration the consular service seemed to have been farmed out to Josiah Quincy, with what result the world knows. But if Josiah Quincy had remained as assistant secretary of state, which it is probable he could not have done, he could not have hoped to have been appointed secretary of state. It is probable that Mr. Olney, as secretary of state, will not retain in office all the incompetent consular officials selected by Josiah Quincy, who have been found out.

It is the purpose of the President to retain Assistant Secretary Uhl in the position which he now occupies. No decision has been reached as to the successor of Mr. Olney as attorney general.

"LOOK OUT FOR YOUR MOTHER."

Dead Man's Last Thoughts Were of the Wife Who Survives.

Washington, May 29.—One of the men nearest to Secretary Gresham, in Washington, was Lieutenant Colonel H. C. Corbin, assistant adjutant general of the war department. He had been at his bedside almost every day and talked with him about his illness as late as Saturday. Mr. Corbin today, in speaking of the state of Mr. Gresham's affairs, related how in the early spring the secretary and himself while driving to the soldiers' home had discussed this very subject. They were talking about the death of James W. Scott, in Chicago. Secretary Gresham, who was a close friend of Mr. Scott, remarked how fortunate it was that Mr. Scott had left property for his widow. "Now what if you or I were in Scott's place," he said, "what would we leave? Practically nothing, and yet we've been working hard all our lives."

The tender solicitude of Mr. Gresham for his wife was apparent then just as it became more so as his last illness progressed and he began to realize that the battle was lost. He said to his daughter, Mrs. Andrews, when she came to his bedside during his last hours of life: "Don't mind me. Look out for your mother."

This tender devotion manifested itself to the last. When the secretary knew that the end was rapidly approaching he expressed no fear of death, but worried about his widow's welfare after he would be gone. "Take care of your mother," was almost the last words he said to his daughter, and the comfort of his wife was the last thought in his mind.

DISQUIET IN ARGENTINA.

War Party Agitating for a Fuss With Chile

Washington, June 3.—Reports from the Argentine Republic show that there is a very active war party, which is agitating the prospect of a war with Chile. The Argentine boundary commissioners have returned from Chile, and report satisfactory progress, but the Argentine press keeps up the talk of war, and the report received here adds: "In the present critical state of feeling any such effort on the part of our press or our public men are to be sincerely deplored. Some street row in a border town, some petty insult to either of the national flags, and we would see the experience of a quarter of a century ago repeated."

The Argentine government seems to regard hostilities as possible, and is taking every step of precaution. The national guard is arming and drilling and officers have been dispatched to Europe to purchase armament. A loan of $30,000,000 is being considered to meet possible war expenditures. A report from Rosano states that a popular outbreak is imminent, so much so that the government has stationed the monitor El Plata in the harbor ready for action, and the strategic points of the town are nightly occupied by the forces.

SILVER IN CHILE.

Ratio of Silver Fixed at 41 to 1 Under the New Law.

Washington, June 4.—Senor Don Gana, the Chilean minister, has received the following cablegram:

"Santiago, June 3.—Chilean Minister, Washington:

"It is very gratifying to me to inform you that after seventeen years of the regime of paper money, Chile has returned with satisfaction and confidence to the gold standard. The law is in force.

"FERNANDEZ,
"Minister of Finance."

The resumption of specie payments by Chile, which occurred on last Saturday, promises to furnish some interesting lessons on coinage legislation. Reports from there state that the government tried to familiarize the people with the new forms of silver and gold coin by getting out a preliminary issue. These were quickly exchanged for the old paper money, but as soon as the novelty had worn off, the people were glad to go back to the more convenient form of paper currency. Another embarrassment occurred when the government found that coin was being exported in great quantities. The new specie payment law fixed the ratio between the metals at 41 to 1. This ignored the current ratio of the remainder of the world, that in the London market at the present time being about 31 to 1. As a result or this difference gold bullion began to flow out of Chile at an alarming rate. The silver coins were also exported, because the law provided that they should contain 444 grains of pure silver, which made them worth intrinsically more than the current silver dollar. Thus, both gold and silver will be drained out of Chile, so the government ordered the mints to stop further coinage. Under the law the mints began last Saturday and there is much interest to learn what the result will be of this latest step.

Miss Dodge is Worse.

Washington, June 4.—Miss Mary A. Dodge is very weak this morning and unconscious a large part of the time. The hot weather affects her condition unfavorably.

Representative Hitt continues to improve slowly.

A NEST OF FIREBUGS.

Insurance Men Conspired to Rob the Companies.

New York, June 3.—Morris Schoenholz, who was arrested recently on the charge of arson, has made a statement to the police which will probably result in the arrest of a dozen or more insurance adjusters. It is alleged that Shoenholz confessed to firing at least half a dozen houses in this city and Brooklyn by prearrangement, for the insurance.

The fires that "panned out" were all set with benzine on the tin bladder plan. This plan is as simple as it is effective. The doomed store or flat is sprinkled with alcohol, and a bladder filled with inflammable stuff is suspended from the ceiling. Then it is set on fire, and when the flames reach the bladder there is an explosion, which destroys the property and every vestige of the manner in which the fire was set at the same time.

A similar result is obtained by turning on all the gas and letting one jet burn. The explosive point is reached in due time. These are the flash fires that so long puzzled police and firemen.

Another member of the gang, named Hirschkopf, has also made a confession. The firebugs, according to Hirschkopf, are oath-bound and have regular headquarters. The conspiracy is known as the "dark secret," and each member was duly initiated. Schoenholz is said to have been the head, or "chief mechanic" of the gang.

According to Hirschkopf, Schoenholz tried to burn to death Simon Rosenbaum, who was suspected of betraying the conspiracy in a fire which he started at Lynn, Mass.

Rosenbaum, who was formerly the "chief mechanic" of the Isaacs gang, was frightfully burned, and upon his recovery was the principal witness against Adjuster Grauer, on his trial last February.

Rosenbaum then testified that he knew one member of the gang who was driven insane by torture because his fellow conspirators suspected he was a traitor.

AMERICA'S PROUD POSITION.

No Nation in History Our Equal in Energy and Intelligence.

New York, May 29.—The English statistician, Michael G. Mulhall, publishes in the June number of the North American Review just issued an article on "The power and wealth of the United States."

Mr. Mulhall's conclusion that "if we take a survey of mankind in ancient or modern times as regards the physical, mechanical force of nations we find nothing to compare with the United States, in this present year of 1895 and that the United States possesses by far the greatest productive power in the world." He asserts that the absolute effective force of the American people is now more than three times what it was in 1860, and the United States possesses almost as much energy as Great Britain, Germany and France collectively and that the ratio falling to each American is more than what two Englishmen or Germans have at their disposal. He points out by a careful comparison between the condition in the different countries that an ordinary farm hand in the United States raises as much grain as three in England, four in France, five in Germany, or six in Austria. One man in America can produce as much flour as will feed 250, whereas in Europe one man feeds only 30 persons. Mr. Mulhall calls special attention to the fact that the intellectual power of the republic is in harmony with the industrial and mechanical, 87 per cent. of the total population over ten years of age being able to read and write."

"It may be fearlessly asserted," says he, "that in the history of the human race no nation ever before possessed 41,000,000 instructed citizens."

FAILED TO DRAW HIS PENSION.

Secretary Gresham Let It Accumulate at the Pension Office.

Chicago, June 4.—For three years Secretary Gresham had not drawn his $30 a month pension from the Chicago pension office. He has never surrendered it, but for some reason he had not made any call for it. There is an accumulation of $1,100 to his credit.

The pension was granted him for wounds received at the battle of Atlanta. Under the laws of the department the accumulation is subject to the order of his wife, and the pension of $30 a month will go to her.

SEED WHEAT FROM RUSSIA.

Kansans May Try the Experiment of Importing Next Season.

Kansas City, June 1.—A. C. Jordon, of Rice county, Kansas, talking on the subject of wheat crop failure in that state said: "The board of railroad commissioners finds that failure is due to poor seed and will send to Russia for seed wheat very soon. The board believes that the result will justify the expense."

HOWARD GOULD'S LOVE.

Miss Katherine Clemmons is the Lucky Maiden.

New York, June 4.—It is reported now that Howard Gould will wed Katherine Clemmons, who captured England by her skill in horsemanship and her expertness with the pistol as a member of Buffalo Bill's Wild West show. She has been in Europe for some time studying for the stage. Of late she has been living in grand

MISS KATHERINE CLEMMONS.

style and has been seen in young Gould's company at public and private functions. It is also said that Miss Clemmons has a new play which she will produce before long, and that the funds necessary to stage it have been guaranteed by Howard Gould.

Miss Clemmons comes from California. She is still in the twenties and is a handsome blonde. She made her professional debut in this country a year ago as a star at the Fifth Avenue Theater in a play which she wrote. The venture was a disastrous failure. Miss Clemmons was not daunted and endeavored to turn defeat into victory by producing "Mrs. Dascot," by Gen. Lloyd Brice and Stanislaus Stange. This was an awful fizzle. Colonel Cody, who was backing her, was said to have lost $20,000 or $30,000. He refused to put up any more money and Miss Clemmons remained here, for a long time a prominent figure at "first nights." She was persuaded, however, that she could become a star and finally went to Europe to study.

THE SOUTH LIKES GROVER.

Mr. Cleveland's Third Term Boom is Blossoming in Dixie.

New York, June 4.—Bierne Gordon, president of the Savannah Cotton Exchange, who with Mrs. Gordon is registered at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, said in an interview that the sentiment among Southerners was for Grover Cleveland to succeed himself as President of the United States.

"Southern business men," he said, "are generally sound money advocates, and for that reason among others we are all very warm admirers of Mr. Cleveland and approve thoroughly of his views and his official acts in regard to finance and economics."

Oregon Likes McKinley.

Portland, Ore., June 4.—Senator John M. Thurston, when asked who he thought the Republican candidate for President in 1896 would be, said: "I am of the opinion that Major McKinley will be selected as the standard-bearer. I am for McKinley. I believe he is the logical choice of our party."

JAPAN TAKING OUR COTTON.

Reasons Why, and What the Prospect Is.

New York, June 1.—Mr. N. Hashiguichi, Japanese consul-general in New York, is enthusiastic over the prospect that the cotton of the South will serve to draw the commercial relations of Japan and the United States still closer. He said to a reporter recently: "An American cotton dealer told me a few days ago that he had shipped 7,000 bales of raw cotton from the South to Japan by way of San Francisco. You see, labor is very cheap in Japan, and we can manufacture cotton cloth there at a comparatively small expenditure. We find a ready market for the made product in China and Korea, where the bulk of the people are so poor that they are obliged to wear cotton cloth."

R. M. Levy, a member of the New York Cotton Exchange, who has large cotton interests in the South, and who has spent much time in New Orleans, showed a dispatch he had recently received from New Orleans that read as follows: "Japan is buying cotton at this port."

Mr. Levy said: "This indicates that Japan has placed a representative at New Orleans to look after her interests in the purchase of raw cotton."

BLUE AND GRAY TO MEET.

Grand Army Men Will Visit the Atlanta Exposition in a Body.

Atlanta, June 4.—Mr. C. E. Harman, general passenger agent of the Western & Atlantic railroad, has notified the exposition company that he has closed a contract for hauling 25,000 members of the G. A. R. from Chattanooga to Atlanta on the 20th of September. This is in addition to the other crowds who will make a fine turn-out on that date. The Confederate veterans will come from all points to meet the G. A. R. men, and the public comfort committee of the exposition will have to arrange for the accommodation of not less than 50,000 visitors on that occasion.

WITH A PIECE OF TIN.

Condemned Murderer Makes a Desperate Effort to Kill Himself.

Elmira, N. Y., June 4.—Martin V. Strait, who is sentenced to die by electricity during the week of July 21st for the murder of his wife and sister-in-law, wrenched the handle off his drinking cup yesterday, and drove it into his neck several times. Failing to make a fatal wound, he tried to cut the jugular vein, and inflicted an ugly gash. He was immediately put in iron, and the wounds sewed up. He tried desperately to open the gash with his fingers, but was prevented from doing so. He was removed to Auburn last night.

Fatal Mistake of Officers.

Little Rock, Ark., May 31.—Passengers reaching here from Monroe, La., bring particulars of a fatal mistake made by Deputy Sheriffs Ed Edwards and Willis Baxter near that place last night. The officers were sent out to apprehend a man named Hugh Abrams, who had been in the habit of shooting into passenger trains. They separated in order to capture Abrams. They met in the dark and mistook each other for the culprit and opened fire. Edwards dropped dead in his tracks, and Baxter received a fatal wound.

Wages Go Up.

Johnstown, June 1.—The Cambria Iron company has advanced wages on all departments 10 per cent. This will increase the pay rolls $20,000 a month and affects 5,000 men.

INSTANT RELIEF for all afflicted with TORTURING SKIN DISEASES in a Single Application of Cuticura

CUTICURA WORKS WONDERS, and its cures of torturing humors are simply marvellous.

Sold throughout the world. British depot: Newbery, 1, King Edward-st., London. POTTER DRUG & CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

Radway's Pills

Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Regulate the Liver and Digestive organs. The safest and best medicine in the world for the

CURE

of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. PERFECT DIGESTION will be accompanied by taking RADWAY'S PILLS. By so doing

DYSPEPSIA,

Sick Headache, Foul Stomach, Biliousness will be avoided, as the food that is eaten contributes its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

Price 25 cts. per box. Sold by all druggists.

IT IS NOT DEPOSITION.

Archbishop Kenrick Will Still Remain Archbishop.

Rome, June 4.—It is stated at the vatican that the brief cable from St. Louis announcing the pope's deposition of Archbishop Kenrick and the nomination in his stead of Archbishop Kain as successor is due to an unfortunate misapprehension of a cable from Rome which summarized the action taken by the congregation of the propaganda. The written decree was mailed to the United States several days ago and gives in full the contemplated changes. It does not depose Archbishop Kenrick from his present title or position, nor does it appoint Archbishop Kain as his successor. Such action could have been taken only through a papal bull. The present action is a decree of the congregation made for the purpose of

ARCHBISHOP KENRICK.

assisting in the management and administration of the church property of the archdiocese. Had the archbishop been relieved he would have been given a new title as archbishop of a suppressed diocese in the far East in order that the change would entail no sacrifice of dignity or station. But the decree makes no change in his title, and leaves him in possession of his present title as archbishop of St. Louis. It defines exactly and clearly the position of Archbishop Kain as coadjutor, making more definite the powers conferred upon him a year ago. It does not, however, make him the successor of Archbishop Kenrick, but gives him such strong powers as coadjutor that he will be able to carry on the laborious work of managing the church property and affairs as though he were archbishop in name or in fact. This will bring no deposition or removal of the venerable head of the archdiocese.

QUICK ACTION ALL AROUND.

No Waits Between Scenes in the Pennsylvania Tragedy.

Allentown, Pa., June 4.—John Mullock, of Fountain Hill, this county, was shot and instantly killed to-day by Jacob Lucky, in the presence of the former's 11-year-old son. The murderer then committed suicide.

Luckey and Mullock were neighbors and worked together in the Bethlehem iron works. When Mullock and his 11-year-old boy, Calvin, were going to work at 6 o'clock this morning they encountered Luckey a few hundred feet from home. He rendered Mullock a drink from a bottle of whisky in which he had put bi-chloride of mercury. Mullock refused, whereupon Luckey beat him with a club. Young Mullock threw a stone at Luckey, who drew a revolver and fired four shots at Mullock, taking effect in the head and left shoulder, causing instant death. Luckey then took a draft from the bottle of the poisoned whisky, went home and hung himself to a tree with a clothes line. His neck was broken by the fall.

Luckey was jealous of Mullock because he gave Mrs. Luckey shelter when her husband's cruelty drove her from home. Each man was 45 years of age, and Mullock leaves a wife and three children.

HEAVY LOSSES BY OIL MEN.

Operators Are Paying a Dollar an Hour for Fire Fighters.

Olean, N. Y., June 4.—One hundred and fifty men left here yesterday afternoon to fight the forest fires in the Four Mile and Knapp's Creek districts, between here and Bradford, and owners are paying $1 an hour for men to fight the fire.

Charles Hatch lost twelve rigs at State Line. Mayor Franchet, of this city, has lost a large number, and over 50 rigs have already been burned in the district. A message from Knapp's Creek says 50 rigs belonging to Curtis, Burns & Russell are destroyed. A line of fire surrounds the town and the inhabitants fear total destruction. Everything between Russell City and Coon Run has been burned, including the rigs, tanks and pumping stations of the Standard Oil and Elk County Pipe Line companies. Barnsdall & Co. had at least 75 rigs between Coon Run and Russell, which are lost.

ANOTHER "HARMONY PARTY."

These Big Dinners Are Quite the Thing Just Now.

New York, June 1.—Another big dinner was given last night. General Horace Porter was the host, and he entertained his friends in his residence. General Porter's guests were Governor William McKinley, of Ohio; Cornelius N. Bliss, Elihu Root, Commissioner Frederick D. Grant, W. Rhinelander Stewart, Commissioner William Brookefield, ex-Senator Warner Miller, Gen. Samuel Thomas, Mayor William L. Strong, Chauncey M. Depew, Commissioner Theodore Roosevelt, Gen. Anson G. McCook, Abner McKinley, Cornelius Vanderbilt and Charles C. Beaman. Ex-President Harrison was invited but sent word to Gen. Porter that he could not attend.

Aside from attending the dinner, Governor McKinley passed a quiet day yesterday. He received a few callers at the Windsor hotel.

How 'Tis Done Down South.

Columbia, S. C., June 4.—At a Democratic meeting in Edgefield county, State Senator R. B. Wilson declared that he would shoot the first white man he saw leading a negro to the polls at the constitutional convention election. He said that 100 determined white men could carry the election against 7,000 colored voters in the county.

Ancient Claims Not Valid.

Des Moines, Iowa, May 29.—The Iowa Supreme court has decided in the case of Gatton against the Rock Island Railway, that over-charges previous to the enactment of the interstate commerce law by Congress, could not be recovered.

RICH, HANDSOME, BUT FOOLISH.

Duluth Police Spoil a Romance and Save a Young Girl.

Duluth, Minn., May 31.—A life tragedy was nipped in the bud by the police here when they prevented Miss Annie Gary, a handsome and wealthy young orphan from Ashland, Wis., from leaving the city with a young man whose acquaintance she had made on the train. The girl had left home to see the world, and had taken with her several thousand dollars. On the train she met a young man who introduced himself as Albert Smith, and who claimed to be the superintendent of the St. Paul and Duluth road. She had turned all her money over to him, and was waiting for him in the parlor of the hotel when the police came. In some way the young man took the alarm and did not return to the hotel. In his room was found his valise, and in it was all the money and several of the young lady's rings. These were restored to her, and she was sent home.

BOYS WILL PLAY.

When They Play With Matches It's Sometimes Expensive.

Beaver Falls, Pa., June 3.—Some boys playing with matches in a stable here Sunday started a fire that did damage to the amount of $60,000. The buildings destroyed were Dr. Sheets's stable, three houses owned by Mrs. Hannah M. Silliman, the Turner hall and the residences of James Elliott and Dr. Elliott. All the loss is covered by insurance.

Babylon, N. Y., June 3.—The Vulcanite button factory, a three-story brick building, was destroyed by fire Sunday afternoon. The loss is estimated at $60,000, with an insurance of about $40,000.

"CHURCH UNION" EXCLUDED.

Great Reformers' Paper Accused of Advertising a Lottery.

Washington, May 29.—The Church Union, a religious paper published in New York by Miss Elizabeth Grannis, and which has for associate editors the Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, Bishop J. P. Newman, Miss Frances E. Willard, Rev. C. Salter, Dr. Jos. R. Wilson and others, was yesterday excluded from the mails on the ground that it contained a lottery advertisement, and that the paper was, in fact, conducting a lottery business.

The last number of the paper contained a full page advertisement offering a total of $2,900 in prizes to aid in securing subscribers for the paper.

Couldn't Stand Prosperity.

Parkersburg, W. Va., May 30.—David Weaver, of Cairo, Ritchie county, on whose land a big 240 barrel per day oil well was struck Monday, died Tuesday night of heart disease, resulting from excitement over his streak of good fortune. He had been a poor man all his life and the prospect of sudden wealth was too much for him.

Edith Rockefeller Will Wed.

New York, June 4.—The engagement of Miss Edith Rockefeller and Mr. Harold McCormick is announced.

Miss Edith Rockefeller is frequently spoken of as one of the wealthiest heiresses in America. She is one of the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller.

The woolen mills at Providence, Olneyville and Pawtucket, R. I., opened Monday for the admission off such of the striking employes as wished to return. About 25 per cent of the strikers returned.

Money, Crops, Trade.

WEEKLY REPORT OF THE TWO GREAT MERCANTILE AGENCIES.

Wheat on the Up Grade—Stock Speculation Not so Rampant.

New York, June 1.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: More far-reaching than any other change during the past week, if really warranted by facts, is the continued rise in price of wheat and cotton. Scarcity of either would affect all business. Happily there is still room to hope that accounts of injury are greatly exaggerated, although there has been some evidence during the week that both the great crops have suffered more than at first appeared.

Other changes are almost all favorable and some highly encouraging; labor troubles are clearly less threatening. Monetary conditions are as satisfactory, and the substantial increase in the commercial demand is a good sign.

Wheat is largely supported by public buying and the purchasing orders from farming regions are supposed to indicate an opinion of the yield. Yet wheat comes forward freely as it would not at current prices if a short crop were assured, and Western receipts for the month have been 5,944,574 bushels, against 5,525,258 last year. No doubt Atlantic exports reflect increased haste to buy abroad, amounting in four weeks, flour included, to 6,183,420 bushels, against 9,716,097 last year.

Cotton continues strong because it was believed there will be much reduction in yield per acre as well as in acreage. No estimate based on definite information puts the decrease in acreage at more than 13.5 per cent, which with a yield per acre equal to last year's would mean a crop of 8,400,000 bales.

The iron manufacture is gaining rapidly and the average of prices, which had fallen February 1 to 64.1 per cent of the prices October, 1893, has now risen to 59.1 per cent, most of the advance having been in May.

The failures during the past week have been 215 in the United States, against 183 last year, and 34 in Canada, against 27 last year.

Bradstreet's Report.

New York, June 1.—Bradstreet's financial review says: A comparison of the volume of transactions during the week with the record of a fortnight ago shows very clearly that the character of speculation has changed for the time being. While the street itself has not taken the stories of extreme damage to the Western crops seriously, the growth of public interest in the market has been checked. London, too, has shown continued distrust in Americans, not only on the reports of a deficient crop, but on tangible if unfounded fears about the free silver agitation and the possibility that support may be withdrawn from the general market by the bond syndicate when its contract with the treasury expires.

The principal feature continues to be the indifference of the "street" to alarmist stories in regard to crop conditions at the West. Railroad interests are evidently satisfied with the outlook for grain tonnage and the inside support given to the grainger shares was of a noteworthy character.

NOW IT'S A DRY SPELL.

Western Farmers Are Kicking Because of Hot Winds.

St. Joseph, Mo., May 29.—Farmers in this section are becoming very discouraged on account of hot winds. For two days hot winds from the south have prevailed, and advices received at the Grand Island railroad offices say that some places in Kansas the wind was blowing 50 or 60 miles an hour and burning everything in its path.

Omaha, May 29.—The hot winds continue to blow with terrific force throughout Nebraska. Small grain is being damaged considerably, but corn is in good condition, and not likely to be affected by a week of similar weather. In some localities the high winds have blown sand over the corn, and in this way damages may result.

Kansas City, May 29.—Hot winds, which have been blowing over Western Missouri, Kansas and parts of Nebraska for the past 48 hours have badly damaged and, in some places, completely destroyed crops. The thermometer at St. Joseph yesterday 95 which is one of the hottest May records known there.

Marshalltown, Iowa, May 29.—A fierce south wind, dry and hot, has prevailed in this section for forty hours, increasing in intensity to-day. The thermometer is ranging around 90 and crops are sure to suffer if the drought continues.

Blomington, Ill., May 29.—The mercury reached 94 yesterday. A gale blew from the south all day. This section is suffering greatly from drought. Pastures are drying up, and the hay crop is in great danger.

INDIANA HAS GONE DRY.

So Dry That Vegetation is Dying and Farmers Pray for Rain.

Indianapolis, June 1.—Commercial travelers and other persons who have been out through the state this week report that a calamitous condition is being rapidly approached. With five months of the year past the state is short 10.01 inches in rainfall. This shortage, too, has occurred during that season of the year in which most rain is looked for. The normal rainfall for the year in Indiana is 44 inches. Since January 1 there has not been one-half as much rainfall as should have been. Under certain conditions this shortage would not have been so keenly felt, but when one takes into consideration the fact that the state was short in rainfall last year the immediate effects of the present shortage are more easily understood.

The hot wave of this week has made the condition more alarming. So long as it was cool, the growing vegetation held its color, but under the influence of the sun and wind of this week vegetation of all kinds is withering. Many of the meadows are already an August brown; the blue grass pasture will not much longer afford grazing for the cattle, the farmers say, and the wheat and corn are both in danger of being destroyed.

WEATHER BUREAU ON CROPS.

Altogether Weather Conditons of Past Week Have Been Unfavorable.

Washington, May 29.—The weather bureau in its review of crop conditions for the week ended May 27, says:

"Upon the whole the weather conditions of the week have been unfavorable. Rarm work has been retarded in the Gulf, Middle and South Atlantic states from excessive rains, while crops generally need rain from the Ohio Valley westward. Complaint as to the unfavorable effects of the unseasonably low temperature upon crops is general throughout the middle central and southern portions of the country.

"Cotton has suffered seriously, especially on sandy soil, and is reported as dying in portions of the Carolinas, Georgia, Mississippi and Arkansas, and complaints of injury from lice are reported from Louisiana and Mississippi.

"The condition of wheat has declined rapidly in Missouri, owing to drouth and insects. In Indiana some wheat has been plowed and planted in corn, and the crop has sustained further injury from frost in Ohio.

NORTHERN OHIO CROPS.

The Past Has Been Dangerously Dry—Crops and Fruits.

Columbus, June 4.—In the northern section of Ohio the week has been very dry, with not enough rain in any county to help vegetation to any extent. Wheat has not made a good growth and is heading with the straw quite short; is spotted and uneven in many places. Oats have made but little growth, and still show the effects of the late freezing. Rye is in poor condition and in some fields are being plowed under, some others are being pastured. All corn is doing fairly well in nearly all counties. Potatoes that were cut to the ground are coming up again; bugs are numerous. Fruits are recovering from the effects of the cold weather and promise better than was expected, especially apples and pears.

ALMOST TOO MUCH RAIN.

Crops Benefited in the West, but Many Washouts in Texas.

St. Louis, May 31.—Dispatches from points in Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Arkansas and Missouri say much needed rains have fallen within the past 24 hours. Crops, which were in bad condition because of the drought, are much benefited. From Calvert, Tex., comes the report of numerous washouts, resulting in much delay to passenger and mail trains. Several bridges were reported gone, and the crop damage is great. That section was never visited by such a rain before.

THE BUGS GET WELL.

Experiment With Diseased Chinch Bugs a Failure.

Columbus, Mo., June 1.—Dr. Schweitzer, chemist of the Missouri state experimental station, has been issuing packages of diseased chinch bugs to be distributed throughout the crops of the state for the purpose of creating an epidemic among the healthy bugs, thus exterminating them. At that time no chinch bugs are more numerous this year than ever before. The wheat crop is being literally devoured.

REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE BLADE,
Toledo, O., June 4, 1895.

The following table shows the changes in government bonds during the past week:

	June 4.	May 29.
U. S. new 4's, coupons	125¾	125¾
U. S. new 4's, registered	125¾	125¾
U. S. 5's, coupons	116¼	116
U. S. 5's, registered	116	116
U. S. 4's, coupons	113	113
U. S.